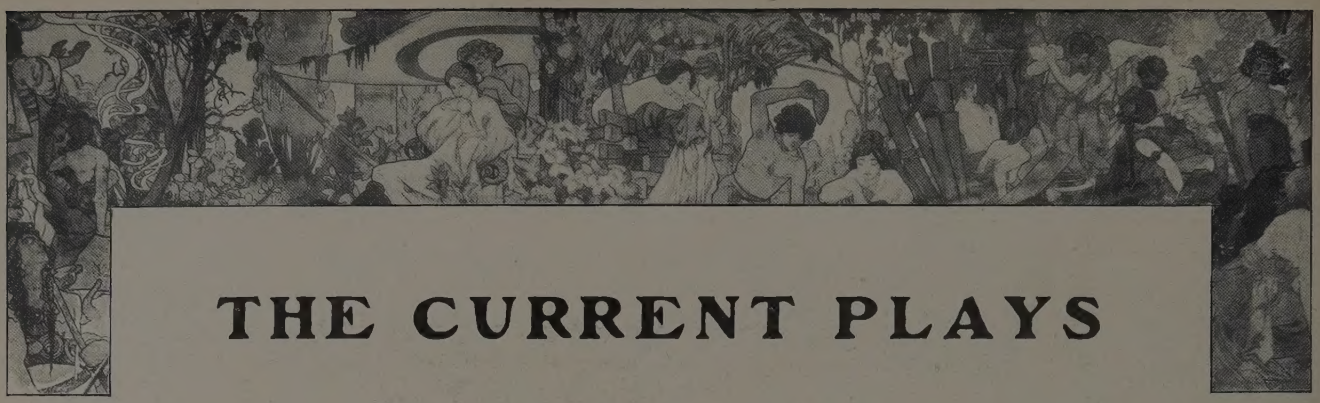
THE THEATRE

VOL. V., NO. 48 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1905 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Otto Sarony Co.

MRS. FISKE AS LEAH KLESCHNA



THE CURRENT PLAYS

BELASCO'S THEATRE. "Adrea." Tragic play in five acts by David Belasco and John Luther Long. Produced January 11. The cast was as follows:

Kaeso, Chas. A. Stevenson; Arkissus, Tyrone Power; Marcus Lecca, R. D. McLean; Holy Nagar, H. R. Roberts; Mimus, J. Harry Benrimo; Bevilaccas, Claude Gillingwater; Caius Valgus, Marshall Welch; Sylvestros, Gilmore Scott; Dyaixes, Louis Keller; Bram-Bora, Edward Brigham; Maslak, H. R. Pomeroy; Master of the Tower, H. G. Carlton; The Shade of Menethus. Charles Hungerford; Thryssos, Francis Powers; Crassus, Edwin Hardin; Iulia Doma, Edith Crane; Garda, Maria Davis; Myris, Corah Adams-Myll; Lefta, Lura Osborn; Lelit, Grace Noble; Adrea, Mrs. Leslie Carter.

A revolting crime of lust, committed against a blind, unsuspecting Princess, her awful retribution on recovering both her eyesight and her throne, her grief, abdication and voluntary return to her former wretchedness in expiation of the wrong no vengeance could right—this is the strong dramatic proposition presented in David Belasco's latest offering.

As a theatrical spectacle, "Adrea" will rank among the most splendid our stage has seen, as a production it is a work of art so complete in every detail from the Latin inscription on the curtain to the corium of the meanest Roman soldier, that even Belasco—the master craftsman—has surpassed himself; but as a play intended to touch the human heart, it falls short of its purpose.

The period is the fifth century of the Christian era—the most picturesque in world-history when the powerful Roman Empire was slowly crumbling before the inroads of the barbarian. The action takes place at the court of an imaginary kingdom. Menethus, the late king, has left two daughters, one Iulia, a treacherous wanton, the other, Adrea, a simple, virtuous girl, who has become blind. Previous to her affliction, which deprives her of the succession to the throne, Adrea has loved the barbarian chieftain, Kaeso. Her ambitious sister prompts Kaeso to desert Adrea and to deceive the blind girl into thinking she is to be married to him, whereas she is really to be given to the court jester, a hideous thing in red and white. This substitution is the danger spot in the play, and in the hands of an actress less capable might have raised a laugh. Kaeso is seen embracing the blind Adrea; they are to be married at once. Then, quickly, Kaeso's hemlet is placed on the head of the fool, who leads Adrea to the nuptial chamber, while Kaeso and Iulia depart with boisterous laughter. A curtain falls on this equivocal situation. Presently, it is again raised, and the program tells us that, during the interval, a night has come and gone. In the gray dawn the fool emerges from the royal residence, grinning in insolent triumph, and also from the Palace presently issues the unhappy Adrea, whose instinct tells her she has been betrayed. In her agony, she prays to the gods, an electric storm comes on and a deafening thunderbolt dashes the jester senseless and restores her sight. Overcoming the first impulse to self-destruction—an impressive yet somewhat grewsome scene—Adrea claims the throne, and in Act II comes the brilliant coronation. Here was Belasco's opportunity. The pomp and circumstance of a semi-barbaric court, the symbols and curious weapons of forgotten dynasties, the tramp of armed men in strange-fashioned garb and headpiece, the smiles of courtesans and the cringing of slaves—all this mingled in a splendid, glittering pageant of pleasing sound and color. Here come the ambassadors of the then world-powers to pay homage to the new queen—the cultured Greek with wreath of gold encircling his classic brow, the haughty Persian with imposing beard and head-dress, a prince from India ablaze with precious stones, the black Ethiopian, insolent and opulent. The gray-bearded senators, headed by the statuesque Marcus, stand waiting near the throne. Present, also, are the false Kaeso and the handsome Arkissus, his brother-in-arms, both attired in the symbolic savage dress of their native hills. Presently arrives Queen Adrea, in a chariot drawn by Ethiopians and magnificently arrayed in a robe of cloth of gold. On her head the Senate places the crown and the ceremony is ended. Then follows the strong scene where the now powerful queen meets her betrayer face to face and pronounces his doom. She savagely orders him to be scourged and then thrown to the wild horses. Just as the terrible sentence is about to be carried out, the old love awakens pity, and to spare Kaeso his horrible fate, she snatches a sword from a soldier and stabs him to the heart. Vengeance now satisfied, the old grief retakes possession of her bosom, and abdicating in favor of Kaeso's son, Adrea returns to sightless solitude and oblivion.

Mr. Crampton (Geo. Farren): "I'm quite helpless in this position." Mr. Valentine (Arnold Daly): "You'll be more helpless presently"

Scene in George Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy, "You Never Can Tell"

Here, it would seem, was abundant material for a fine drama, and differently handled the success of David Belasco

and John Luther Long's play might have been complete. It is constructed in the Sardou manner, but without that sureness of touch and convincing logic which have made the French dramatist supreme in his craft. It is well written and wonderfully staged, but its story is unwholesome and without real human interest, and its gloominess is unrelieved by the sunshine of either humor or poetry. Its essence is rape, revenge, murder. The character of Adrea is in itself poetic, logical, sympathetic, human. There is reason for everything she does except one vital thing, on which rests the entire play—her inexplicable love for the unsympathetic Kaeso, as impersonated by the actor entrusted with the rôle (Mr. Stevenson). This is the weak part in the dramatic structure. Before her misfortune, she is seen as a modest, shrinking girl—the very antithesis of the uncouth and burly barbarian. One cannot conceive of such a woman loving such a man, and once the probabilities vanish it is all up with the play as an acceptable dramatic proposition. For this reason, the scene where Adrea is debating within herself as to whether she will or will not give her old lover to the horses, fails to hold the spectator as it logically should, for the audience does not really care a jot if the horses or the hangman get him. The quicker such an unpleasant person is out of the way the better. But if Kaeso had been a picturesque, younger man, whose comeliness and ardent wooing justified Adrea's passion for him—such a man, in short, as Tyrone Power might have portrayed—and whose one crime against Adrea had been prompted by the wicked Iulia, the effect would have been far different. The spectators would have felt concern in the young chieftain's fate, and awaited breathlessly Adrea's decision. This trick is known in the playwriting business as "dramatic suspense."

Mrs. Leslie Carter surprised every one by her performance of the name part. This actress—who began her theatrical career as a manufactured star—reveals in the arduous rôle many of the qualities that go to make a tragedienne of the first rank. There is no inspiration in her acting—the essentially earthy nature of the play hardly lends itself to that—but she has many fine moments, moments when she strikes the true note of deep poetic feeling, and that sublime exaltation which comes very near to great tragic acting. If there is fault to find with her performance, it is that she does not use sufficient self-restraint, and that she is at times too noisily emotional where a quieter method would enable her to make her points more effective. In other words, Mrs. Carter still lacks the quiet dignity, the repressed force, the subtle power of the artiste whose work springs directly from high mentality. The play makes no call on the finer qualities. It is all fuss and fury, violence and bloodshed, and in the portrayal of the mere hysterical woman, in the display of the more violent emotions, Mrs. Carter has always excelled. With many theatre-goers this is the most convincing kind of acting. Her diction is excellent, showing a vast improvement over her old reading, and in the first act, before the rape transforms her into a fury, she is sweet, lovely, gracious, her gentle tones and manner reminding one forcibly of Bernhardt. Her horror at the deception practised on her, her pantomime of delighted surprise when her sight is restored and she first sees her five fingers, was admirably indicated. In short, an excellent performance worth seeing.

Charles A. Stevenson was very bad as Kaeso, and Tyrone Power had very little to do as Arkissus. R. D. McLean made a superb-looking Marcus, and the others in the cast were generally competent.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "The Winter's Tale." Comedy by William Shakespeare. Revived December 26, with this cast:

Leontes, Henry Jewett; Mamillius, Dagmar De Vere; Camillo, Frank Vernon; Antigonus, James L. Carhart; Cleomenes, Carter Weaver; Dion, John Junior; Hermione and Perdita, Viola Allen; Paulina, Zeffie Tilbury; Emelia, Louise Jansen; Polixenes, Boyd Putnam; Florizel, James Young; Archidamus, Warner Oland; Old Shepherd, C. Leslie Allen; Clown, Sidney Bracy; Autolycus, Frank Currier.

"The Winter's Tale" is a play that we shall constantly see revived for the sake of what the managers call "a production," and each production will necessarily differ in detail. The palaces will be decorated with polished marble from different quarries, one throne room will be more magnificent than another, the disposition of the entrances and exits will not be the same. Lovers of beautiful stage settings should rejoice that Shakespeare taxes all the resources of the managers, and that the limit as regards elaboration of production has not yet been reached.

Viola Allen's production is splendid in a scenic way, and it has merits in other ways. The play has been re-arranged with regard

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS

Leading lady of the Haymarket Theatre Company, London, who will appear in New York early next month in Cosmo Gordon Lenox's play, "The Prince Consort"

William Courtenay Fay Davis Louis Payne Margaret Illington

Mrs. Leffingwell (Margaret Illington) is endeavoring to explain to her jealous husband her presence in the same room with Mr. Corbin (William Courtenay)

SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY, "MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS"

for the true effect of the action. Thus, while, in the original, the abandonment of the babe on the desert shores of Bohemia is not shown until after the trial of Hermione, in Miss Allen's version this desertion is the third scene in the second act, and immediately precedes the scene in the palace of justice in which the oracle delivers the sentence: "The King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found." We have seen that the babe did not perish. A re-arrangement of this sort is judicious and without a trace of sacrilege, the scenes themselves being religiously retained, though possibly the text itself is not always preserved as fully as it should be.

The most glaring inadequacy in the acting was the utter failure to impart the comedy spirit to the roguish character of Autolycus. It is often said that comparative criticism is unfair, and so it is if unfairly made. One's early impression of a performance may be fallacious for the gratification derived from it. On the other hand, the later performances may be so superior in definite points as to efface the early impression, or, at least, establish a new standard. To abandon all standards for a performance of Shakespeare would be absurd. To regard the latest performance as the best, because it is the latest, would be equally absurd. Shakespeare is too rich in meaning, in every line and word, to be the same thing by whomever performed or uttered. In elocution and variety of expression latter-day performances fall short of those given in the day when elocution was more of an art, when every actor was trained to the delivery of verse. The present performance can be commended, but not without reserve. There are some scenes that are exceedingly difficult to act, especially the first, in which appear Leontes, Polixenes and Hermione. Shakespeare bases the jealousy of Leontes upon a specific incident—Hermione's success in having Polixenes defer his leave-taking. It requires actors of uncommon skill to give it its proper force, to justify the suddenness of this portentious jealousy. This scene was not well done. On the other hand, the scene of the trial was exceedingly impressive and effective. As Perdita, Miss Allen was charming, and her acting would well sustain any comparative criticism.

GARRICK THEATRE. "You Never Can Tell." Comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Produced January 9, with this cast:

Mr. Crampton, George Farren; Mr. McComas, William H. Thompson; Mr. Valentine, Arnold Daly; Mr. Bohun, Harry Harwood; Philip Clandon, Sumner Gard; William, John Findlay; Mrs. Clandon, Miss Jeffreys Lewis; Miss Clandon, Miss Drina de Wolfe; Dolly Clandon, Miss Mabel Talliaferro.

This, the latest of George Bernard Shaw's plays to be acted in America, is a farce pure and simple, and will never arouse the same serious discussion as "Candida." But the witty Irish author never writes anything that is commonplace. What matters it if things at the close resemble those at the beginning? The interim has been filled with exquisite fancy, trenchant observation, relentless satire, mordant irony and delicious fun. If one must criticize, it should be limited to the excess of brilliancy in the dialogue. Mr. Shaw, in his lightest moments, demands thought and intellectual co-operation. He is never knock-about. Subtle he is to point of the pin head's despair, but that patron, Heaven knows, can be accommodated elsewhere. New York, with its vast number of thinking men and women, will acknowledge with delight the managerial concession to their intelligence, and if signs go not awrong, the Garrick's capacity will be taxed for weeks to come.

The story of "You Never Can Tell" would, in its recital, convey but little of its literary or theatrical charm. It is in the exposition of its types, with their varying philosophies as to the meaning of life, the illuminative dialogue, sparkling with satiric wit and introspective perception; the clash of ideals from the differing viewpoints, and its frankly exquisite revelation of the weaknesses of British propriety, that it dazzles and delights. And how well these ideas are carried out by Mr. Daly and his associates! Taken altogether, it is one of the most nearly perfect presentations offered here in years. As the impulsive young dentist who finds himself suddenly introduced into the much domestically mixed household of the Crampton-Clandons, Mr. Daly is delightfully ingenuous. His love scene with Gloria, in which he sweeps away all her ideas of the new woman, are accomplished with cheerful dash and enthusiasm. And what admirable character and authority Miss Drina de Wolfe brings to this very feminine rôle! For refined delicacy of expression and grasp of its meaning, it would be difficult to imagine a better exponent.

The impetuous twins, perfect types of impudent but youthful irresponsibility are expressed with compelling humor by Mabel

Talliaferro and Sumner Gard, while William H. Thompson enacts the family lawyer with all his accustomed finish and surety of touch. The irascible father who seeks the love of his children, separated from him by the incompatibility of himself and wife, is acted with more feeling and concern by George Farren than some Shawites will acknowledge belongs to the character. But it is a nice touch of serious relief. As the wife, with her advanced views, Miss Jeffreys Lewis shows the sterling artist she is and gives exquisite pleasure by the nicety of her diction. Perhaps William, "Balmy William," the waiter, is not quite acted as its author intended, but the obsequiousness of the rôle, the diplomacy and tact of the old waiter, are set forth with wonderful dramatic force by John Findlay. As his son, a prominent member of the bar, Harry Harwood invests the rôle with fine dictatorial bumptuousness. "You Never Can Tell" is a dramatic treat.

PRINCESS. "The House of Burnside." Play in three acts, adapted from the French by Louis N. Parker. Produced December 26, with this cast:

Richard Burnside, Edward Terry; Robert Parminter, William H. Day; Marion Burnside, Cynthia Brooke; Margaret, Beatrice Terry; Richard, Roy Lorraine; Mr. Williams, W. T. Lovell; John, W. H. Denny; Jack Morrow, A. Hylton Allen; Betty, Nelly Mortyne; Jenny, Clara Earle.

Edward Terry, who made his first appearance in New York in this adaptation of George Mitchell's play, "La Maison," has long been a popular and successful actor in London, and there can be little doubt that this finished comedian will quickly establish himself as great a favorite here. His strength lies in his mimetic art. He is apparently a master of the art of "make-up," and it is clear that his analysis of a part is minute. In short, he is a true actor, doing everything with a fine play of intellect. His voice has a limited range, but he uses every means of expression effectively, while his business and stage management bespeak authority.

The piece he selected for his opening here is essentially French in theme, and so far as any impression it may leave on American audiences, is writ in water. No doubt, pride of name in family and in business is deeply rooted in England, and the destruction of it by a bastard is no small matter, but this collision between vanity and humiliation is not edifying.

Richard Burnside's chief aim in life is to leave the established business house to one of his own name, his grandson. His son had died, leaving a widow and two children, the boy and a girl. It is brought to light that, by reason of the ill-treatment and neglect of her husband, the mother of these children had formed an intimacy with another man, news of whose death in South America leads to the discovery of the secret. He was the father of one of the children. Which one? This uncertainty completely upsets the head of the house. The mother, in her complete love for both the children, will not tell which is the illegitimate one. The situation is ineradicably French—if not Ibsenish! In the French mind, what a noble attitude for the mother! how pathetic her situation! To less sentimental and more practical minds, the dilemma of the old shipowner comes very near, at times, being comedy, and until the action of the play began to wade through this mud puddle, it was extremely interesting as an exposition of character.

SAVOY. "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Comedy in three acts, by Augustus Thomas. Produced January 11, with this cast:

Mrs. Bonner, Dorothy Hammond; Mrs. Rumsey, Mrs. A. A. Adams; Doctor Rumsey, John Saville; Nora, Jessie Busley; Orton, Ernest Lawford; Mabel Ainslee, Fay Davis; Walter Corbin, William Courtenay; Howard Leffingwell, Louis Payne; Richard Ainslee, Vincent Serrano; Mrs. Leffingwell, Margaret Illington; Thomas Bonner, J. H. Barnes.

In a season where disaster has played such fell havoc with so many offerings, it would be grateful to write success down to Augustus Thomas' new comedy. But it would not be truthful to the historical record to say that "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" comes entirely within that category. It will please for a time without a doubt. It contains observation, thought, ingenuity and frequently effective dialogue, but for a man who wrote "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Other Girl," it shows a distinct falling off in technical accomplishment. The exposition is tediously drawn out; the resource to mechanical features for comic relief is a confession of weakness, nor can one possibly accept in a comedy moral regeneration accomplished by a ten-minute application of the principles of osteopathy. It is not necessary to tell the story *in extenso*. Suffice it to say, that it deals with jealousy fomented by blackmailing designs. There is a good motive in

Photo Byron, N. Y. Ida Conquest

A young woman anxious to raise money so she may set herself up in housekeeping advertises herself as a tipster on horse races, and money comes in so fast they have to fill a clothes basket with it

SCENE IN "THE MONEY MAKERS" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

the fact that the blackmailer's sister is separated from her lover because gossip has linked his name with that of a married woman. Of course, the brother is responsible for this, but osteopathy is the god in the machine, and in the end everything is satisfactorily explained. The unities of time and place are perfectly preserved, and some very natural fun is extracted from a scene where a hostess at Larchmont attempts to give a dinner on the night of a blizzard. None of the expected ones arrive, and those driven there to necessity carry on the story of misunderstanding. It is not prudish to say that some of the dialogue is unduly frank.

Charles Frohman has supplied a most effective setting, and from his comprehensive list of players has given to the author a company of surpassing excellence. Dorothy Hammond makes an engaging hostess, and Mrs. A. A. Adams a gentle Mrs. Rumsey. John Saville, as the exponent of osteopathy, eliminates the proseness of his rôle by the graciousness of his personality and the naturalness of his bearing. Jessie Busley is deliciously droll as a servant, and Ernest Lawford is equally effective as an English butler hired for the one occasion. Fay Davis shows her skillful art to nice advantage, and as her blackmailing brother, Vincent Serrano plays with picturesque fervor. The maligned lover is acted with much natural charm by William Courtenay, and Louis Payne is splendidly capable as the jealous husband. His wife, the owner of the incriminating boots, is well presented by Margaret Illington, and J. H. Barnes adds further strength to an admirable cast.

Burr McIntosh

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS

Now appearing most successfully in the title rôle of "The Girl from Kay's"

CRITERION. "Cousin Billy." Comedy adapted from Labiche by Clyde Fitch. Produced Jan. 2. The cast:

Mr. William Jenks, Francis Wilson; Mrs. Meade, May Robson; Kitty Meade, Edith Barker; Howard Post, Edward Abeles; Paul Norton, William Lewers; Miss Carrie Green, Zelda Sears.

In the mechanics of farce, Eugene Labiche has long been recognized as one of the past masters of his art. "Le Voyage de M. Périchon" is a classic. But the very liberal adaptation of that most amusing bit of fooling which Clyde Fitch has converted for Francis Wilson's use under the title of "Cousin Billy" will do very little to revive an interest in the Frenchman's theatre or enhance very much the reputation of America's rapid-fire dramatist. At the best, this present offering is commonplace farce. The ingenuity of the original is but little used, and the value of the additions at best are only ephemeral and trivial in their accomplishment. It serves, however, as a medium, and will undoubtedly prove a successful one for the exploitation of Mr. Wilson's exaggerated farcical attainments. The title rôle is a conventional comic opera figure without the accompanying music. Nothing like it in life is to be found. It is buffoonery, pure and simple. Cousin Billy floats through the piece, a central figure of optimistic vanity and cheerful good humor. His plights are comic, his disasters laughable, his sentiment impossible. In the expression of such ideas, the star's engaging smile, volatile legs and falsetto voice play their successful parts. The audience roars with delight, and under the circumstances criticism stands silent. The trials of European travel are exploited in Mr. Fitch's usual vein and the dialogue is not without moments of comical force.

MISS HELEN WARE

Lately seen as Celia in "The Kreutzer Sonata" and now appearing in Clyde Fitch's play "The Woman in the Case"

Edith Barker plays the ward with engaging vivacity, and May Robson, as her mother, is drolly quaint and amusing. The rivals are acted by Edward Abeles and William Lewers. The former, whose motives are selfish and finally squelched, gives a performance of sustained interest, accomplished by much graceful technique. Zelda Sears, as a physical culturist dashing through Europe, contributes an effective bit of character.

BERKELEY LYCEUM. "Once Upon a Time." Comedy in three acts, by Genevieve G. Haines. Produced January 2, with this cast:

Dona Ana De Cerbados, Gertrude Coghlan; Concepcion, Mathilde Cottrelly; Don Fernando De Alva, Thomas Ricketts; Don Juan De Alva, Robert T. Haines; Don Guzman De Mendoza, E. J. Ratcliffe; Antonio, Arthur T. Hoyt; Malo, Albert S. Angeles; Pedro, Colin Campbell.

Because it introduced the Roman Catholic religion and its formalities in relations not properly subject to dramatic treatment, probably accounts for the failure of this play. The impression produced was positive and really not open to discussion, for it involved a matter of taste quite as much as it did any sentiment for the Church. To have the comedy woman, played with all the theatrical piquancy at the command of Mme. Cottrelly, light a cigarette with a wisp of paper from a candle of the altar, may have been a bit of business not originally in the mind of Mrs. Haines, and certainly not essential to the action of the play, but it illustrates the perversity of view that can contend that the play had in it the remotest reverence of spirit or intent. When an acolyte, a young man intended for the priesthood, is won away from his asceticism, from an exalted state of mind in spiritual things to the sensualities of an overwhelming love, what else can the underlying motive of the play be but Paganism and satire? Apart from this, Mrs. Haines supplied a number of scenes of delightful comedy, to which Mr. Haines responded in his acting with a delicate and artistic touch.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. "Common Sense Bracket." Rural play by Charles W. Doty. Produced December 26, with this cast:

Bruce Bracket, Richard Golden; Newton Offutt, Theodore Babcock; Robert Offutt, Frank Gheen; Richard Saunders, H. S. Northrup; Silas Stubb, Richard Nesmith; Sol. Saunders, Charles B. Hawkins; Hiram Boggs, Charles Carter; Marlan Osgood, Florence Rockwell; Kate Offutt, Esther Lyon; Rachel Bracket, Agnes Scott.

The success of American authors with rural plays is a notable indication of the development of our drama. Hoyt's plays were essentially American. Before that period, the negro minstrel sketches were as exclusively American as farce proper was the peculiar province

Byron

SCENE IN "THE CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO," AS PERFORMED BY JEWISH ACTORS IN THE NEW YORK GHETTO

of the French writers. In the emotional rural drama the highest point was reached by the late James A. Herne. The tendency of recent plays of the kind, by reason of the commercial instinct to please at any cost, is toward conventionalism. "Common Sense Bracket" is filled with obvious devices for theatrical and comic effect, but much of the character it depicts impresses you as having been obtained at first hand. The story of the play is less real than the fidelity to character and the bits of acting. Richard Golden possesses a quaint simplicity, is subdued in his methods, and abstains from mere caricature. Some of the types in the play are overdrawn and derive their origin from the comic papers, but, on the whole, the effect of naturalness is safely secured.

LIBERTY. "The Money Makers." Comedy in three acts by George Rollett. Produced January 16, with this cast:

Capt. Fitzgerald, Cyril Scott; Charlie Clifton, Brandon Hurst; A Butcher, Eugene O'Rourke; Uncle Mat, Fitz's uncle, Edmund Lyons; Bella, Lillian Thurgate; Mabel, Daisy Atherton; Mrs. Bannerman, Annie Wood; Fred, F. Owen Baxter; "Baby" Berkeley, Emil Rigl; Inspector O'Hara, Herbert Ayling; Sergeant McPherson, Harry Nichols; Dot, Ida Conquest.

To be hypercritical is sometimes to be hypocritical. It is true, for example, that two and two, in "The Money Makers," do not always make four, but the piece affords many moments of enjoyment. It is improperly called a comedy. It is a farce. The play is weak in its facts, but strong in many of its comical happenings. A girl, in talking with her fiancé, learns that money can be made by furnishing tips on horses. The young man is to be absent from town. The girl gets him to let her and two girl companions occupy his chambers during his absence for an alleged masquerade. Her idea is to advertise and give tips from that address in order to make enough money to set up in housekeeping. The horse she gives is scratched and the victims of the tipster mob the chambers. It turns out finally that this is a mistake, and that the tip has won. The money orders have come in so fast that a waste basket is used to throw them in. The girls go to all sorts of extravagance with milliners, modistes and jewellers. All this

William Lewers Edith Barker May Robson Edward Abeles Francis Wilson

In the clearing up of the farcical complications Cousin Billy (Mr. Wilson) is gently telling Howard Post (Mr. Abeles) that his "jollying" has failed, while the group on the left shows that the rival suitor has won

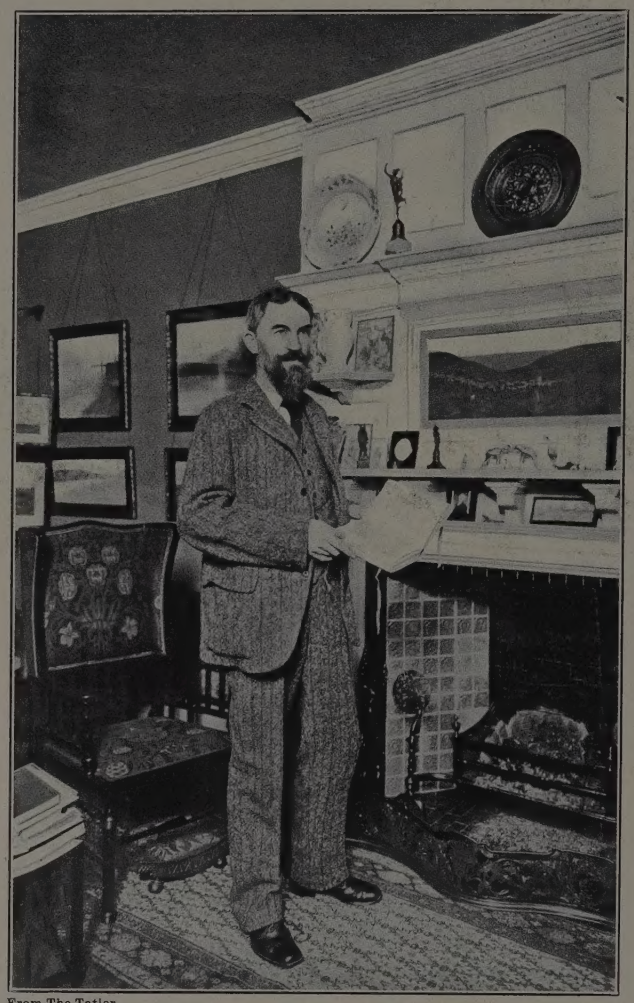
SCENE IN "COUSIN BILLY," CLYDE FITCH'S ADAPTATION FROM LABICHE

would be good farce if the action did not unnecessarily depart from dramatic fact. Everybody is paid from the waste basket without counting. A little discretion here would reduce it to fact and preserve some semblance of illusion. The tradesfolk could be referred to the basket to help themselves, but told to credit the balance to account. The play is a little amateurish, and yet it has passages of true force and skill. Cyril Scott alone would make the performance worth while. For animated comedy and genteel farce, he is an accession to our stage. Eugene O'Rourke, as the Butcher demanding the return of the money, furnishes a scene of true comedy. The company is a good one, and the venture, in spite of the ill wind of criticism, does not merit disaster.

DALY'S. "The Duchess of Dantzic." Light opera in three acts; book and lyrics by Henry Hamilton, music by Ivan Caryll. The cast:

Catherine Upscher, Evie Greene; Lisette, May Francis; Mathilde, Helena Byrne; Jacqueline, Evelyn Cottee; Therese, Ethel Forsythe; Louise, Agnes Matz; Vicompte de Bethune, Lawrence Rea; Captain Reignier, Philip H. Bracy; Napoleon Bonaparte, Holbrook Blinn; Francois Lefebvre, Lempriere Pringle; Sergeant Flageot, A. J. Evelyn; Corporal Gildon, Frank Greene; Papillon, Courtice Pounds; Empress Josephine, Olga Beatty Kingston; Caroline Murat, Elizabeth Firth; Renée, Adrienne Augarde.

The authors of this opera have succeeded notably in a difficult undertaking, and have produced a work that has dignity, beauty and interest. The difficulty involved was the preservation of the dramatic values of Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne," which is the basis of the opera, without overweighting the score with action and dialogue. There are long intervals in which the music has no part, and the opera becomes straight drama, and very serious at that. It is a perilous experiment, which only excellent acting can make acceptable. Miss Evie Greene has the now familiar part of Mme. Sans Gêne, the laundress who rises with Lefebvre to share a dukedom with that favorite marshal of Napoleon. This actress has a singing voice of pleasing quality and some power, but it is chiefly in the purely dramatic passages that she discloses her talents. She acts with sincerity, vigor, charm; her speaking voice is capable of varied coloring to suit the shifting moods of the character; and in scenes like the affectionate farewell with her Lefebvre, she is convincing and vivid. Lawrence Rea, as the Bethune, makes much of a voice of limited powers, and acts with striking poise and manliness. Mr. Blinn's Napoleon has sufficient verisimilitude and no little impressiveness. Fortunately, Napoleon is not made to sing. It would not be easy to praise too highly Courtice Pounds' performance of the peddler and court milliner; he infuses into it a spirit of genuine comedy. Miss Augarde gives a dainty and modest Renée, and Mr. Pringle a stalwart Lefebvre. The chorus work in itself is a delight, for these girls can sing. Mr. Caryll's music, while hardly noteworthy, at least escapes frivolity, and, particularly in the military numbers, has at times a real uplift and always a pleasing maturity.



From The Tatler

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN HIS LIBRARY

George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant author of "You Never Can Tell" and "Candida," is an Irishman who was born in "dear dirty Dublin" on July 26, 1856. In 1898 he married an Irishwoman. In the interval he spent much time in Socialistic agitation and more or less humorous criticism of art and the drama. Since his marriage, however, he has obtained recognition as one of England's leading literary men. His volumes of plays published in recent years have demonstrated that he is one of the most subtle and one of the most brilliant and original writers of our age

WEBER MUSIC HALL. "The College Widower." Burlesque in one act by Edgar Smith. Produced January 5, with this cast:

Professor Witheredloon, Aubrey Boucicault; "Stubby," Joseph M. Weber; "Ratty" McGown, Charles A. Bigelow; Mrs. Hiram Buttin, Harry Morris; Jim Witheredloon, Frank Mayne; The Town Policeman, Sam Marion; A "Theologue," W. Douglas Stevenson; Tilly Buttin, Marie Dressler; Hon. Ellen Slick, Aimee Angeles; "Babe" Slick, Alexandra Hall; Polly Mitchell, Bonnie Maginn.

The greatest honor the serious playwright can aspire to is to be burlesqued in the music halls. It is an unfailing sign of popular success. George Ade is the latest willing victim, and it must be conceded that Edgar Smith has succeeded in making a very droll travesty of the satirist's comedy. The task of the burlesquer is comparatively easy when it concerns a serious play, but when it comes to parodying a piece which is itself a parody, the strain on the professional humorist is enormous. The difficulty, however, has been happily overcome, and the result is a side-splitting entertainment that is likely to fill the Weber Music Hall for some time to come. In his travesty, Mr. Smith has reversed the Ade order of things and he has also introduced certain characters and incidents freely adapted from the daily newspapers. For example, the male characters in the "Widow" are girls in the "Widower," the action taking place at a female boarding establishment which boasts of a sturdy female football team. These Amazons challenge the knock-kneed team of a nearby boys' college, and much fun ensues. Marie Dressler, as the halfback, was inimitably funny both in her ludicrous "make-up" and antics of face and gesture. Charles A. Bigelow was excellent as a broken-down football coach, and Aubrey Boucicault amusing as the professor. Joseph M. Weber, as usual, was a host of fun in the character of "Stubby."

CASINO. "Lady Teazle." Musical version of "The School for Scandal," by John Kendrick Bangs, Roderick Penfield, and A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced December 24, with this cast:

Sir Peter Teazle, W. T. Carleton; Sir Oliver Surface, Clarence Handyside; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Augustus Barrett; Sir Harvey Bumper, Jack Taylor; Joseph Surface, Stanley Hawkins; Charles Surface, Van Rensselaer Wheeler; Crabtree, Owen Westford; Careless, Albert Wilder; Mopes, Edmund Lawrence; Snake, John Dunsmuire; Trip, Joseph's servant, Albert McGuckin; Mrs. Candour, Miss Phoebe Coyne; Maria, Miss Elsa Ryan; Mollie, Miss Nellie McCoy; Lady Sneerwell, Miss Lucille Saunders; Lady Teazle, Miss Lillian Russell.

When one stops to think that it took only one to write "The School for Scandal," and three to produce "Lady Teazle," one marvels! And a singular thing is that the only part of this musical version which is really good is Sheridan, pure and simple. For example, the scene between Lady Teazle and Sir Peter, the supper, the auctioning off of the pictures, the screen episode, all these scenes are Sheridan. Messrs. Bangs and Penfield have

(*Continued on page xi.*)

1. The egg falls from the wall. 2. Nora Sarony as Columbine. 3. The cook and the cat. 4. Feeding the ogre. 5. A cat and dog life. 6. The phantom Pierrots

Scenes in the pantomime extravaganza "Humpty Dumpty," New Amsterdam Theatre, New York

Miss Duncan in the nun-like garb she wears in private life

Isadora Duncan
and Her Greek Barefoot Dances

By GERTRUDE NORMAN

Isadora Duncan

THE daring and unique dances of a young American girl have during the last two years created an artistic sensation in Russia, Germany, Austria and Greece. Praise and censure alike have passed harmlessly over her serious, serene, Greek-like head, serving only to add to her already extraordinary fame and wide-spreading influence.

Poets, painters, sculptors, composers, authors, scientists and philosophers, all have come forward to see this slender, simple girl, who, by the sheer force of creative genius is doing much to revive a lost art and resuscitate the beauties of Greek culture, which made Greece supreme among the nations, physically and artistically.

Most of the criticism directed against Isadora Duncan has come from Americans and English, some declaring it "a sacrilege to dance Beethoven." They were not so particular about Chopin. Others objected to her costume, in that she was an American girl. They would not have been so shocked if she had belonged to any other nation, and they forgot entirely that in almost any comic opera or vaudeville house in England or America one sees costumes of such suggestive indecency and immodesty as often to offend the least fastidious. The fair, frank costumes of Greece, in their noble simplicity and austerity of line, worn by a delicate and unconscious artist, can contain no trace of indecency. The writer must frankly admit seeing nothing in Miss Duncan's costume but completion and exquisiteness.

Reverential dancing can hold nothing in it that is degrading. Nevertheless, one can quite comprehend the fear and horror that must possess true worshippers of Beethoven and Chopin when they first hear of this interpretation by dancing of their soul's idols. For Beethoven, of all composers, tends to reflection, a *looking inward,* the introspective mood of the soul in profound meditation. But those who most revere have nothing to fear. Miss Duncan creates a temple of motion in music, as noble as a gallery of wonderful sculpture and which "awakens in us all the noblest aspirations and sensations of power and beauty." No theatricalism or gaudiness attends these interpretations. It is dancing such as we in America have never seen and know nothing of. It is dancing that aids reflection, and in it one finds a new, to us, poem of art expression. After having seen her, one breathes with Pater, "Truly this artist is but a quiet handmaid of the soul."

From a painting by Kaulbach and reproduced by permission

Isadora Duncan dancing

Some six years ago, when in New York, the writer first saw Miss Duncan dance. The impression made at that time was vivid and lasting. She interpreted before a small audience "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. Most potently can I recall her persuasive personality, "the fascination of frail beauty," blending with a compelling Bacchante-like wildness of mood and temperament. Her rendering of that mad, sad and pessimistic song of Persia was remarkable. None but an unusual artist could have so expressed in gesture the following lines:

> "O love, would you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire;
> Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
> Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!"

Her art then was full of the neutral tints; the browns and purples of autumn sunsets. The glory and freshness of spring, of the dawn and of radiant sunrises, had not yet entered into it, to round it out to completion. After conversation with her, one was impressed with the ardent, energetic flame at the back of her frailness, and was fully aware that here was a *creative* artist, consumed with a tenacious love for her vocation, and that to her, dancing was of a much more profound and lofty significance than most of us even dreamed, and as capable of expressing all things in nature, art and the soul as fully as words, sculpture or music. Since then her sole determination has been to raise dancing up and back from the mire into which it had fallen, to its old high level of symbolism, mystery and beauty. At last, after years of arduous application and systematic training and delving into the secrets of the masters of the antique world, the splendor of her dream has been most fully realized.

We have heard from time to time of her successes in Berlin (where some enthusiastic admirers desired to build her a temple in which she was to appear exclusively), of her success at Bayreuth, of her dancing in the ruined Temple of Dionysus, and of her return to the Greek dress, etc. Also of the frantic enthusiasm displayed by the public in Munich and Bayreuth, when the horses were taken from her carriage and she was dragged through the streets by a singing, cheering throng; but only in brief paragraphs of cable correspondents inclined to dwell more on the elements of eccentricity than on the earnest and serious attributes that so pervade the life and work of this remarkable young artist. That her way of life is curious to us there can be no denying. Any one who completely lives out their inner conviction and dream

Showing the classic attitudes Miss Duncan strikes when dancing

and up to their ideal of art and beauty must of necessity seem either extraordinarily courageous, remarkably clever, or else demented, to the multitude who are so apt to balk at the new and strange.

Imagine a pale, sweet and serious face, as inscrutable as the Monna Lisa's; a faint, wistful, elusive smile; in the large, soft eyes a limpid light, reflecting a serene and balanced mind; around the mouth and chin a look of childlike ingenuousness.

She emerges before the spectator so unobtrusively, so quietly, almost shrinkingly from behind the plain, blue curtains, stretched across the back of the stage, that one is barely conscious she is there. The scene at first is a little dim. One can conceive of nothing more exquisite or mysterious than this almost unseen entrance of hers, so quiet is it—"A little noiseless noise among the leaves, born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

The orchestra is hidden behind high palms on one side of the bare stage, on the other the piano. At either side are electric lights in large, opalescent discs, supported on tall tripods, which add an air of Greek simplicity to the scene.

Like Beatrice of Cenci, of whom Shelley wrote, she seems "to be one of those rare beings in whom *energy* and *gentleness* dwell together without destroying one another." There is nothing extraordinary unique in her appearance excepting, perhaps, her remarkable simplicity. Her arms hang close to her sides, her whole attitute suggests extreme attention, thought, waiting. Her dress, when she interpreted Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulus," was of some soft, diaphanous material, falling in the perfect folds of the antique statues. The soft, brown hair, encompassed by a narrow white band, completes a picture as delicate and precise as the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles—or she might have stepped out of some ancient fresco, a pensive grace, a wanderer from a Grecian shore, with all the alert beauty of the dancing Mænad.

She waits quietly in the shadow. The music surrounds her, floods the air; the great audience waits breathless. Suddenly the harmonies seem to fill her to overflowing, and "across her immobility and dream there passes a torrent of obscure forces." With one swift, agile bound the white figure leaps forward with the freest, most abandoned gesture imaginable, like some liberated bird, and she begins to dance.

We are transported back over thousands of years, and are attending some divine Greek orgie in a marble temple by the sea. It were impossible to describe in words the spirit and beauty of the dancing of this "nymph of the downward smile and side-long glance," or the winged fleetness of her feet. From the statues she has learned harmonious attitudes that are at once instinctive and deliberate, and as she runs and bounds, beckons, entreats, advances, retreats, prays, sorrows, shedding innumerable gestures, each one diverse and more lovely than the former, our minds are quickened to intensest imagination; we need no scenery, play, no crowds to see

From a painting by Kaulbach and reproduced by permission

Showing how Miss Duncan first makes her appearance

> "The Mænads—with robes flowing
> In the wind and loose dark hair
> O'er their polished bosoms blowing,
> Each their ribboned tambourine
> Flying on the mountain sod,
> With a lovely frightened mien."

She runs tip-toe with white arms spread, and then one catches a glimpse of fawns and Dryads, sirens, seraphs and Bacchantes. We hear the Phrygian lutes, Apollo's lyre and the harp of Callides. Greece, with all her beautiful mythology and fables, lives again for us, and under the touch of her magic invocations an ideal resurrection takes place.

Suddenly, in the whirl of the dance, a swift change crosses her, and in the "frightful silence of that altered mood" the face becomes full of awful grief, loss and pain; the gestures drip agony. With uplifted gaze, and the palms of her two hands raised and open before her, she walks with slow tragedy towards the invisible sacrificial altar.

She is music and poetry embodied in gesture. Other women may have mastered the technique of dancing; this one has absorbed its *soul.* Her magnetism is enormous, her

Louise Galloway Esther Lyon Richard Golden Agnes Scott

SCENE IN RICHARD GOLDEN'S NEW PLAY, "COMMON SENSE BRACKET"

poetical imagination luminous and vivid, and she possesses that rare power of being able to fuse so adequately the technical problem with the imaginative that one can form no guess as to where the one begins and the other leaves off.

Her exits are as lovely and mysterious as her entrances. After the quivering, gleaming, daring gestures and swift flights, it suddenly all ceases, but *very* slowly; the last picture is held for a space, recalling the profound pauses of Ysaye and Paderewski as they cease to play, and then inconceivably, quietly, she again becomes as immobile as the statues she emulates, and with scarcely perceptible footsteps steals behind the curtains. After a short pause she again appears, this time in a dress copied from that of the huntress Diana, and falling in clear-cut folds about the knee. If the music to which she is dancing is tragic, passionate, unruly, she wears a red tunic; if more psychological, serene or mental, she attires herself in a costume of an elusive grey. Apart from Gluck, she interprets Handel, Ferrari, Picci, Strauss, Chopin, and Beethoven.

Strauss' "Blue Danube," although not calling for the same suggestive psychological interpretation or musical understanding as either Chopin or Beethoven, nevertheless was a supreme test of her art. Her commencement of this dance is a marvellous expression of rhythm, balance, and intoxication. She stands poised on a step up at the back of the stage in her red gown. With a leap of joy like one arisen from some hiding place in the rocks, and shaking off the salt, fresh spray, she sways and sways till the big audience seems scarcely able to restrain itself from joining in the rhythmic motion.

In the Chopin and Beethoven interpretation she mostly wears the short, grey dress, but occasionally changes it for an ankle-deep robe of natural colored silk. The way all these garments are made, with their softly gathered skirts and clear-cut folds, are works of art in themselves, and always completely in harmony with the mood and meaning of the music. The Greek costume seems almost the only one possible for the purpose of her art, for is not the Greek soul enclosed in all demonstrations of art?

Miss Duncan's dancing of Chopin is perhaps the finest thing she does. At times, if the music be sad, morbid, ironical, she moves and gestures in a sad and mystic fashion, that suggests lonely stretches in purple twilights, or endless, long and misty avenues; at others, when the harmonies are full of that revolt, bitterness, intense nervous suffering, which so tortured the soul of Chopin, she runs madly across the stage, with an almost fearful monotony, with arms outstretched at tension behind her. Her hair blows down in disorder, and on her face one sees the marks of an eternity of grief and doom. If Chopin caught the music of our souls and "gave it cry," so does Isadora Duncan give it tangible flesh, withal a silent life.

Miss Duncan is now an established necessity in the art world of Europe. She possesses a home near Athens and a house near Berlin, where the art of classic dancing is to be taught. In home life, Miss Duncan wears, as a rule, a long, white, nun-like garment, open at the throat, and sandaled feet. Her pupils are to wear the short white tunic of the Greeks, and will undergo a system of physical culture. As Emerson once wrote, "Our love of the antique is not love of the old, but love of the natural."

MISS LILLIAN SEVILLE
Playing the part of Ninon in "Sergeant Kitty"

Paul Hervieu

Paul Hervieu Talks of His Plays

By James Huneker

WHEN Paul Hervieu appointed an hour for the interview —the date was October 21st of last Autumn—I was greatly gratified. An admirer of some "years' standing," as they say in churchly circles, to see the celebrated dramatist and novelist in the flesh would be something more than satisfying mere curiosity or incipient hero-worship. It does not need many perusals of his works to discover that their author is a thinker as well as an artist; he can reason about his characters and can trace with that unerring logic which nature has so plentifully bestowed upon him, their varying motives and actions. In a word, M. Hervieu, a *cérébral*—as they call any artist in Paris who is able to account for his creations—would give me a charming hour. I was not disappointed.

The playwright, whose latest production, "Le Dédale," is on the tongue of theatrical Paris, lives in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. His apartment is the abode of a sober, severe workman of art. No gorgeous bric-à-brac, no stage "properties," no attempt at the "man in society" débonair pose are to be seen. Taste prevails, the cultured taste of a student, a lover of books and of engravings. His library is an *atelier*. In it he plans his dramas. He does not rise early, and between the first and second breakfast he looks after his correspondence and gets himself slowly into the right key for his approaching labors; from one o'clock to six he attacks whatever problem he has on hand. No frenzy, no awaiting the hour of inspiration — that fatal excuse for dawdlers—but orderly employment of his brain, with an added intensity of concentrated power, which has grown with the years. He reads his first newspaper when his work is done for the day, and later he dresses in that precise English fashion of his—he is very English and spends his summers at the Isle of Wight—and goes out to dine somewhere in society. This regular life M. Hervieu leads for nine months in the year.

Where Paul Hervieu writes his plays

With this careful method of travail, his rate of production is necessarily not large; those fecund novelists and dramatists who lay with huge hen-like cluckings two or three books and plays a twelve-month might well pattern after this distinguished member of their guild. But his plays are played, his novels are read; that is, the Théâtre Français or the Vaudeville put his dramas into their repertory, and such artists as Réjane and Bartet delight in their interpretation; while "L'Armature," "Flint," "Diogenes and the Dog," "Les Alpes Homicides," "L'Inconnu," "L'Exorcisée," "Peinte par Eux-Mêmes," "Les Yeux Verts et Les Yeux Bleus," for the most part lightly leveled lances at Society and deadly in their sheer calm satire and "happy cruelty" have enjoyed a decided vogue.

To show you how leisurely—I say "leisurely;" in reality there is a tense quality that proved Hervieu to have plenty of temperament, but under control—he works, here is the time record of his plays in their composition. "Les Paroles Restent" was written, a part of it, with great rapidity. To-day Hervieu does not regard his firstling with an altogether favorable eye. "Les Tenailles," that most dolorous of all his studies in the fruitful field of matrimonial misery, he finished in about four months. "Le Loi de l'Homme" was written in three months, without other scenario than brief indications dotted hastily down on the borders of its pages. "L'Enigme," in two acts, first represented at the Français in 1901, was composed from February to May, during the height of the Dreyfus affair.

"La Course du Flambeau" is dated 1900. Dedicated to Madame Réjane, it was first heard at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, February 17, 1901. It was composed in from three to four months. "Theroigne de Méricourt" demanded much historic research, and a ninety-page scenario was written before the piece was under way: five months, counting two for laborious preparation and three for the actual writing, can be set down for this work produced by Sarah Bernhardt at her theatre December 23, 1902. "Le Dédale" saw the light at the Français December 19, 1903, after much concentrated labor.

I give these dry statistics as documentary evidence. They are in a way a clue to M. Hervieu's character. Alfred Binet, the famous psychologist, has subjected the dramatist to one of his searching studies, and if my readers are so inclined, they may find his complete "psychograph" in the tenth volume of "L'Année Psychologique." I did not prepare so elaborately for our meeting, and possibly if I had I would have been agreeably disappointed. Cerebral in temperament, possibly a pessimist in his estimate of modern society, an implacable laborer with lamp and file in his dramatic laboratory, in intercourse Paul Hervieu is most companionable, a polished speaker, rather languid in utterance, but *du bon coeur* despite his mordant pen. He is medium in size, physique slight. His head is finely proportioned in itself, though it gives one the impression of being too large for his slender frame. His eyes are blue, sometimes veiled and dreamy, often chilly and penetrating, yet they are of undeniable beauty as to form, lustre and expression, and doubtless have done their share of deadly execution in those duels of the sexes he is fond of portraying. A man, I should say, difficult to arouse, and a fiery devil, all nerves and imagination when he is aroused. He has more reserve than his countrymen in general, or of the artistic tribe in particular. Graceful, unaffected, cordial and deliberate—such is the Paul Hervieu I found. And I do not doubt that a hundred other visitors would find a hundred different Hervieus, for he is a man of the finer shades, and very variable.

MME. BARTET IN "LE DEDALE"
The most distinguished among the leading women in the famous Théâtre Français company

The cynicism and hatred of stupidity which characterized his earlier writings have been replaced by a philosophic stoicism. He had read Flaubert when he wrote his novels, so rich in their contemptuous exposition of the fashionable fool; he has since studied Schopenhauer, perhaps Nietzsche. There is a delicate equipoise in his judgments, especially those relating to his contemporaries, that reveals the thinker resigned to the inevitable *bêtise* of mankind, and one who has accepted the fact as a dispensation of indecipherable fate. And while he never alluded to such banal phrases as "heart interest" —that shibboleth of the half-baked in intelligence and "sloppy" in sentiment —M. Hervieu has at bottom a fund of sentiment, of pity in the face of pitiless existence. His plays, notwithstanding their analytic quality, are not mere logic-machines like those of the younger Dumas. The note of tenderness, of humanity, is in all of them, and unlike Dumas, Hervieu never tries to prove anything. I told him that he recalled Dumas to me in the latent thesis of his play. His reply was sound:

"All good plays contain a thesis from the Greeks to Shakespeare, Molière to Ibsen." He greatly admires Dumas *fils* and believes that Ibsen's influence has been overrated in France. He adheres to the Gallic tradition—sound structure, logical development and subtle characterization.

If he thinks Sardou a wizard, he does not pattern after him technically. Henri Becque he has studied to advantage, although I do not think he set much store by the resemblances I pointed out between "Le Dédale" and Becque's "L'Enlèvement" —or rather the leading up to and ultimate avoidance of the situation, in the latter piece. Like Becque, he "tries" his dialogue aloud before putting it down on paper. He has a horror of the Zola note-books and "human documents."

I do not hesitate to avow frankly my preference for "Le Dédale." I had seen it for the first time the night previous at the Français, and the performance of Madame Jeanne Bartet as the unhappy heroine, Marianne, had filled me with the unique joy one feels when witnessing the growth of something quite perfect. I carried away with me the sense of having assisted at an episode in real life, presented with an art which still wore the consoling veils of illusion—the art of Hervieu. There was a personal reason why I wished to attend this performance. Last spring I wrote at length in the columns of the *Sun*—when I had the honor of being its dramatic critic—an analytical study of "Le Dédale." To judge of a play from reading it is like guessing at the composition of comets. It was easy enough to say that this play was literature; that it was a success we all knew; but the *finale* left me doubting. I had read M. Brunetière's argument, that the violence of the fifth act in which the two husbands of the same woman—the divorce does not prevent the first man from offering violence to his wife—struggle and roll over a precipice to their death, is not melodrama. This at the Français! As enacted by Paul Mounet and Le Bargy, the perilous scene is credible, though not a pleasant ending for such a profound study of character. A solution it is, however, and a fifth act, which seemed impossible after the pulsing power of the fourth, continues to mount logically to a stunning climax.

I need hardly retail here the story of this play, of which Olga Nethersole has the English rights. Almost denuded of conventional incident, it is related so incomparably, though deliberately, coldly, and without theatric climaxes, that its

BERLIN CURRENDESÄNGER
These are boys who receive from the city a free musical education and also a small sum of money for their support. In return they must always be ready to sing in the church at weddings, funerals, festivals, etc. In earlier times they also went about singing "Christmas carols," in the open air

Viola Allen's Production of "The Winter's Tale"

Photos Byron, N. Y.

Leontes (Henry Jewett) Viola Allen Paulina (Zeffie Tilbury)

THE TRIAL SCENE

Shepherd (C. Leslie Allen) Florizel (James Young) Perdita (Viola Allen) Polixenes (Boyd Putnam) Camillo (Frank Vernon)

A ROADWAY IN BOHEMIA

THE REGENERATION OF THE STATUE

events seem the natural outcome of the clash of character.

I asked, with the eagerness of a neophyte—ah, your dramatic critic is always a new-born babe in matters technical!—of M. Hervieu his methods of workmanship.

"Such things I leave to the stage manager, and is not the chief desideratum the story, and should not a good romancer be a good playwright?" With a crash fell to the ground one of my pet illusions—the gigantic machinery necessary to the building of a play. For M. Hervieu, a good stage manager, can always attend to these mechanical details; for him the essential quality lies in the characterization and the order of narration. This method conflicts with Pinero's and Brieux's, but it is Hervieu's, and perhaps explains him as Paul Hervieu, the master dramatic psychologist of the French stage.

Byron, N. Y.
Gertrude Coghlan as Dona Ana Mathilde Cottrelly as Concepcion Dan Ricketts as Don Fernando Robt. T. Haines as Don Juan

SCENE IN GENEVIEVE G. HAINES' PLAY, "ONCE UPON A TIME"

A Rehearsal Under Belasco

"Mr. David"

"VESTALS! All vestals come up on the stage, please!"

The place was Convention Hall, Washington; the occasion a dress and scene rehearsal of "Adrea;" the time Christmas day; the voice that of Stage Manager Bryant.

The bare hall, enormous, steel-arched, and originally intended as a meeting place for conclaves and popular demonstrations, had been transformed at a cost of thousands of dollars into a warm-hued playhouse. One-third of its vast length was embraced behind the scenes; the other two-thirds confined the auditorium, with a seating capacity of sixteen hundred. Against the proscenium wall of imitation gold mosaic were the boxes with gilded columns, from which hung in rich, red folds the gold-embroidered draperies of du Barry fame. Over the cold steel arches supporting the roof was drawn a canopy of green cloth, in the center of which was a hole and bridge for the lime-light. The color scheme was so harmonious that a cosey, pleasing effect resulted, despite the magnificent distances of the hall. "I have always opened in Washington," said Belasco, "and I intended to do so with 'Adrea,' if I had to put up tents and give the show under canvas," and that is typical of the man.

Back of the stage was impressive order. An army of men and women came and went without even the appearance of confusion. The dressing-rooms, made up of discarded flats, were in the form of a hollow square, in the center of which stood the portable room which Mrs. Carter carries with her wherever she goes. Directly back of the stage was a space about one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, in which the property man revelled. Here, on long tables, were arranged the properties, no flimsy articles these, but cups so richly chased that imperial hands would not have despised them, and draperies so rich in hue and texture that they might well have come from Syria. The stage itself, set for the first act, presented the solidity and beauty which we have learned to expect from Belasco, but the atmospheric effect of pale yellow light, filtered through a grove before falling aslant of weather-aged stone, was so masterful in its conception, so true in its detail, and so perfect in its harmonics as to suggest a dream of ancient Greece; only the shirt-sleeves of Bryant, the towsled hair of John Luther Long, and the catholicism of Belasco's waistcoat brought one again to the twentieth century. The width of the opening was but thirty-two feet, but the stage was deep enough to handle the sixty odd people without crowding, and was built to strike so that it could be removed to other fields when its purpose in Washington was served. In appurtenances few metropolitan theatres could equal it, and its switchboard would be a delight

to any electrician. Belasco is the same picturesque Belasco. His hair is more grey, his eyes more remarkable, and his face more ruddy. As he speaks he conveys an impression of perfect poise, which may be ascribed to supreme repression rather than expression of his mood. He strikes the stranger as an intense man, who controls himself because he will and must do so, but there are times when his great earnestness finds sudden vent and then his people listen as to an immortal. At one moment, when things were going ill, he tore at his artistic hair.

"I thought," he said, with sad eyes, "that I was dealing with brains and heart, but at the eleventh hour"—here his voice wailed off into tragedy—"I see that I am dealing with idiots! Your souls! Where are they? If you have none, plunge a knife into your bosom in an effort to discover some."

It had the desired effect, and in a moment or two the master was again tender, subdued, kittenish. But his kittenish mood did not last long. He was once more the tiger—ferocious, terrifying. Another contretemps had aroused his rage, and he bellowed at a group of shrinking wantons of the court:

"Unless you do better than that, I'll break up the show with an axe!"

The silence of the catacomb followed this awful threat.

On Christmas eve Belasco came to the theatre at four in the afternoon, not to leave until six o'clock Christmas morning, and then merely for an hour's rest. His hurried and frugal meals are usually served from a cheap hash house in the neighborhood, a sausage in one hand, a roll in the other, affording the inspiration of the moment. Yet all this left him unruffled. When the writer met him Christmas night, he was as kind as a woman, as modest as a child. Here he listened to a bacchante of Iulia's entourage, who, fair-haired, rose-hued, and dimpling, asked concerning some detail of her costume; there he tossed paper roses to note their effect on green boughs, and all that he did was done with an earnestness that left no doubt of the artistic impulse in the man. Whatever one may think of the quality of his stars, there can be but one opinion as to the motives of Belasco—money is to him only a means to further and greater achievement. He is sincere in his art, and as a producer has no equal on our stage.

"Where is the other vestal? I want all the vestals," cried Bryant.

The tone was kind, because Mr. Bryant believes in kindness rather than the lash, but a note of firmness was also there, which sent the girl scurrying to her place. Then began the vestal drill with which the play opens, while Arkissus of Frisia lounged in an orchestra chair by the side of his mortal rival, Kaeso of Noricum, and Minus, the Fool, talked football with Marcus Lecca of the Senate. Within a few feet of them stood Mrs. Carter conversing vivaciously with friends. Belasco walked up and down the aisle tugging at the curl which hangs over his forehead. "Gracious, it's cold," said a bacchante, shrugging her bare shoulders. "Cold!" exclaimed another. "I'm burning up." "Stop," said Belasco, climbing to the stage. A group gathered about him and conversation ceased that the terms of his criticism might be heard. The vestals had waved their palm branches too slowly. The rehearsal began again.

A herald appeared, and when he placed the trumpet to his lips the throat of Bryant produced the fan-fare.

"The orchestra isn't here yet," explained an Egyptian.

"There's that —— girl," whispered a pretty wanton of the court. "My, ain't she a sight? Look at the bones in her neck."

Finally came Mrs. Carter, her street clothes contrasting strangely with the barbaric splendor of her retinue. Every one was now attention. All were in costume save she and Kaeso of Noricum, who wore a sword belt over his blue sack suit, and a brass hemlet, and had such a cold that all his m's were b's.

"See me, Mr. Cook," said a slave girl to Belasco's untiring press man. "Don't I look nice? This is the fourth act."

"Charmante," drawled the ubiquitous but terribly sleepy Cook, who had not slept for three nights.

"Time was not time," moaned Adrea. "The days had no hours. The world had just begun for me."

"And some say she is mechanical," whispered a sage, when her words had faded into a likeness of reminiscence.

"Purely emotional," said another.

"Why, entirely so," agreed the sage, with a very genuine yawn.

"She is Adrea now," said a third. "Notice her eyes."

They were misty with the tears of a love she had never known and yet so keenly felt that not even the great fatigue of constant rehearsal could lessen the bitter sweetness of a memory purely fictitious, and yet, to her, purely real.

"Mr. David," as Mrs. Carter calls Belasco, was here, there and everywhere—the magician whose wand awakes the tempest of soul-rending drama.

AUBREY LANSTON.

BRUCE McRAE
Nephew of Sir Charles Wyndham and now playing the leading male rôle with Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday"

F. H. Haskell (Prof. Bernard) — Albert (W. Shohl, '06) — P. G. Henderson (President) — Crispin (G. L. Foote, 08) — N. Edwards (Ass't Mgr.) — N. O'Connor
Lisette (G. Schneider, '07) — Clitandre (M. Wertheim, '06) — Agathe (E. R. Riegel, '08) — Eraste (F. Dexter, '08) — Lisette (Divertissement) (D. M. Martin, '07)
Momus (R. Sheldon, '08) — Carnaval (N. O. Simard, '06)

HARVARD BOYS (CERCLE FRANÇAIS) AS THEY APPEARED IN A PERFORMANCE IN FRENCH OF "LES FOLIES AMOUREUSES"

Photo Falk

Lillian Russell—Beauty and Philosopher

(Chats with Players No. 35)

IT is not an easy task to interview a Queen, least of all a Queen of Comic Opera. Not that the trouble lies in her Majesty, who is ever gracious. The difficulty is with her retainers. She has such a multitude of them, and they are ever present. Royalty always has its courtiers and parasites; those of comic opera royalty are equally ubiquitous, and never absent.

Interviewing is like lovemaking. It requires but two. Three are a disquieting number. Four are disgruntling, and six maddening. There were seven in the room while Miss Russell talked snatchily about beauty, about economy, about age, about the past, the future and philosophy, in her rose-papered dressing-room at the Casino.

There was a woman friend who assisted in the interview. There was a wardrobe woman who wanted to match blue silk and white lace. There was an author and a friendly manager who arranged for a dinner on Sunday. There was the star whom I constantly, silently begged to "come down" from all these distractions. There was the maid, and there was the luckless interviewer. And besides all these, there was the dressing for the second act of "Lady Teazle" that had to go forward behind the white-framed screen of triplicated mirrors. Miss Russell was perfectly—but why exhaust the list of laudatory adjectives, commencing with "sumptuous" and ending with "exquisite?" In her blue crepe kimona, embroidered with pink roses, she was simply—Lillian Russell. For a synonym, one must look for a fadeless American beauty rose. There is no other.

Some one said that beauties never appreciated their beauty.

"I think they do," said Miss Russell with decision. "They are glad to have it, as they are grateful for any other gift. I am pleased and gratified when any one says I look nice."

Then Miss Russell demonstrated the truth of the original proposition by asking, "But what is beauty? It is nothing compared to intelligence and manner. Meet a woman who has intelligence and a beautiful manner, and who stops to think whether she is beautiful or not?

"And if," she continued, "a woman gets the reputation of being a professional beauty, it is hard work to live up to it. She must keep herself up to her standard. She must never lapse from the standard the public has set for her."

Here the wardrobe woman was lengthily insistent about the scrap of blue silk.

Her Majesty was pleased to be gracious. She is always so pleased. Not a member of her company but adores her. Even the humble chorus girl dares to address her. The stage hand is sure of her ear at all times and of a gentle answer.

"Yes. That is very nice, thank you," and the gratified wardrobe woman went back to consideration of the lace.

Miss Russell herself introduced the subject of age, and did so in truly feminine manner.

"Yes, I was born in Clinton, Ia., and my father was an editor," she said, with the Lillian Russell smile. "I came away from Clinton when I was six months old, and I don't remember much about it." With a backward glance over her shoulder, she added, "Although there are Tabbies who say they remember my living there sixty years ago."

She was slipping into the green silk robe she wears in the second act of "Lady Teazle," revealing the throat and shoulders of a Venus de Milo.

"I never think of age," she said.

"You have none!" The answer came from one of the admiring sex.

When next there was a second for the interviewer, the subject of economy was broached. Miss Russell is understood to be an advocate of economy. She was putting on a big, black velvet hat, a sombre frame for a perfect face, while she talked.

"Yes, girls should save money," she said. "The girl who earns twenty-five dollars a week should save ten. When she earns fifty, she should save twenty-five. She put her hat on as French women do, drawing it up from the back of the head first, poising it daintily at last on top of her head and turning slowly before the triplicate mirror to see that it was so placed that it was equally becoming at all angles.

"She should, but I am reasonably sure she won't," she added with charming inconsequence. "The first fifty dollars I saved I spent for a watch. It wasn't a very good watch. It was afraid of working too hard, and would

Lillian Russell as she looked fifteen years ago

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LILLIAN RUSSELL

Lillian Russell, who for many years has been known as the Queen of American comic opera, was born in Iowa about 43 years ago. She has long enjoyed a unique popularity on the light opera stage, due partly to her naturally beautiful yet technically untrained voice, but more especially to her radiant blond beauty which is matchless on our boards. She showed marked talent for music at the early age of six, but she could never be prevailed upon to study music seriously. Her first public appearance was in Chicago, and in 1878 she came to New York and sang in the "Pinafore" chorus where she attracted the attention of Tony Pastor. He gave her the leading rôle in a production of "The Pirates of Penzance" and later she made a hit in a burlesque of "Patience." This was followed by successful appearances in "The Snake Charmer" and "The Sorcerer." In 1883 she appeared at the Casino and this house proved the scene of her greatest triumphs—she appearing in rapid succession in such operettas as: "The Brigands," "The Grand Duchess," "Erminie," "Giroflé-Girofla," "La Périchole," "Nadjy," "Poor Jonathan," "Princess Nicotine," etc., etc. During the recent Weber and Fields regime she was one of the particular stars of that famous music hall organization. Her present tour in "Lady Teazle" is her first experiment in co-management.

Photo McMichael SYBIL KLEIN
Daughter of Herman Klein, the musician, and now a member of David Belasco's forces

only go part of the time. But it was a watch. Then I began saving again, and this time I bought a seal-skin sacque. My third pile of savings went for a pair of turquoise earrings, set with diamonds.

"What should a girl do with her savings? Live on it during the summer when she is not earning anything. When she has saved enough, she would do well to invest in real estate in town. New York real estate isn't bad. I have never lost money in that. But I never made a cent on Wall Street, nor on the races. I have won, but I have lost, too, and at the end of the season the story is always the same; I am not ahead a dollar."

"You are supposed to be an excellent business woman," remarked some one of the five. The interview was now quite out of the interviewer's hands.

"Supposed to be?" Miss Russell spoke with a dubious inflection.

"At least you have now what you have always wanted," came encouragingly from somewhere beyond the screen.

"Yes; I wanted to appear again in a clean, dainty opera, and I have it. I decided upon 'Lady Teazle' as soon as I read it. I saw there was a good deal of acting in it. It was clean-cut and pretty. After reading it once, I decided that it should be my vehicle. Then I had my sister re-read it to me so that I might enjoy it.

"Yes," she said, in reply to another question, "perhaps I am self-reliant. We must all be so, don't you think? I take plenty of time to think a thing over, but when I have made up my mind I don't change it.

"I am very happy with 'Lady Teazle,' except"—she mused with a little frown.

"I am not so sure that I like being a partner and manageress. I have been on salary and had a share of the gross receipts, but I have never been a real partner before, sharing the net proceeds. Financially, it is satisfactory, but I don't enjoy sharing the responsibilities and worries, being interrupted in making my entrance by some one saying: 'O, Miss Russell, the window in our dressing-room is broken. I would like to mend it, but I haven't time.' A star should escape such trouble, I think. Worrying over that broken window she is liable to slur her scene.'"

After it had been quite arranged that the dinner was to be on Sunday, the author and manager departed, and we were only five.

Miss Russell, sitting serenely quite for a fraction of a minute, said: "I don't make any plans for the future. I never have. Perhaps I am something of a fatalist. I always think, 'If I make such a plan and it doesn't work out well, I shall be disappointed, so I won't make it.' It is much better, I think, to be governed by present conditions and do what at the time seems best. Is it not written: 'Do not worry about the future. You will meet it if need be with the same reason that you now employ in your present affairs?'"

"Marcus Aurelius?" queried the interviewer.

Miss Russell nodded.

"He is my constant companion," she said. "I have all of the twelve little books in my room."

"And Epictetus?"

The diva pursed her lips as a schoolgirl does when her task is hardly tolerable.

"Not so much," she said. "Epictetus was lame and poor and unfortunate, and what he wrote reflected those conditions. But Marcus Aurelius was noble, and that nobleness seemed only the natural unfolding of his life. He looked upon everything that happened as a part of the development that we call life."

And she quoted further from the Roman Emperor philosopher: "Accept the gifts of fortune without pride, and part with them without reluctance."

"I think," said Miss Russell, "that I could lose whatever I have to-morrow and not grieve for it. It would seem to me to be the working out of natural law."

And again she quoted the Stoic philosopher. The words were strangely incongruous upon the lips of this vital beauty, but she pointed an earnest, convincing finger as she spoke: "Act, speak and think as one who knows that he can at any time depart from life."

Miss Russell explained that before going upon the stage it was always necessary to concentrate upon her lines.

She drew forth the black staff with its orange ribbon bow from a newspaper wrapping, and Lillian Russell was at once Lady Teazle.

"I pray you, good sir."

She bent low with the mincing courtesy of Sheridan's time. She trailed the green silk daintily over the floor. The lines came trippingly and she stopped in her walk, radiant and serene. She reverted to the sadly interrupted interview.

She stood, blonde, magnificent, entrancing, framed in the doorway of the rose-papered dressing-room. She smiled the smile of a sweet-tempered child. She swept the remaining four a little, graceful curtsey.

"We were speaking of beauty," she said. "I have often imagined what it would be to be without beauty, to have suddenly lost it. One would miss it, I suppose; but the tragedy would be to have some dreadful accident, to lose a leg, for instance, and never be able to go about or to work again. I often think of that. If that happened to me I should kill myself."

The shadow the thought left upon her face flitted the next instant.

"But why speculate?" she said. And with her parting word the secret of the smooth brow, the child-like mouth, the beautiful, nerveless body, the eternal youth, was revealed.

"I never think of yesterday, nor of to-morrow. To-day is enough."

With this philosophical remark, Lady Teazle passed grandly out to take up her cue.

ADA PATTERSON

MISS HELEN SINGER
Playing a leading rôle in one of Forrester & Mittenthal's productions

Glamis Castle, Scotland, the scene of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth"

Under the Walls of Macbeth's Castle

IN the gray North of Scotland, far removed from the beaten track of tourists, is Macbeth's Castle, the scene of Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy. The Castle is situated at Glamis, a small town about 25 miles from Perth, and a short distance beyond is the famous Birnam Wood, the moving of which against the Castle warned the Thane of his coming doom. The territory between Perth and Inverness is known as the Macbeth country. After crossing the Grampian Hills, between Forres and Nairn, one sees the Blasted Heath where Macbeth met the witches, and was told of having been created by Duncan Thane of Cawdor. Five miles from Nairn is Cawdor Castle, still in good repair and occupied by an Earl of Cawdor.

It is seldom that American visitors get so far as this. With characteristic American speed, they rush through the beautiful Trossachs, visit Edinburgh, Stirling, and Glasgow, and return home imagining they have thoroughly viewed Scotland.

North of the city of Perth every foot of the ground teems with interest. Over its craggy hills and wind-swept moors men have fought and bled, and there is scarcely a section that Shakespeare's pen has not immortalized. Glamis, Birnam Wood, Dunsinane, Blasted Heath, Cawdor, these are no myths emanating from the brain of the dramatist, but historic spots that may be visited to-day.

Taking the train at Perth, after an hour's ride one arrives at the small station of Glamis, which the natives pronounce "Glams." All is peaceful and picturesque. Deep purple heather grows profusely along the roadside. There is not a habitation in sight, and Glamis Castle a mile away.

The Castle is not a public "show place," tourists being admitted only when the family is absent, and not then without a permit from the overseer of the estate. Overcoming these obstacles, we approached the massive gateway by a beautifully wooded and well-kept road, and found this historic Castle situated in the centre of a park comprising thousands of acres. The beauties of the surrounding country are indescribable. A grand avenue, thickly lined on either side with trees, leads up to a moat, well filled with water, and crossing an ancient stone bridge, one comes in full view of one of the finest specimens of feudal architecture now in existence. In point of antiquity and historical interest, Glamis Castle is one of the most remarkable structures in Great Britain.

The grounds around the Castle are ornamented with life-size statues of James I. and Charles I. There is also a wonderful sun-dial in the shape of a monument, which has a different dial for every month in the year. The old iron knocker on the massive oaken door, which is black from age, bears the date 1687, while on the lofty chimney are the figures 1606, but the most ancient portion of the structure dates back over 900 years.

The present earl has built for the comfort and convenience of his family some modern additions, which are harmonious with the original architecture and do not offend the eye. These bear the dates of 1891-1893. The cicerone of the Castle was a most agreeable Scottish housekeeper, who seemed to take pleasure and pride in showing the place.

On entering, the first thing to impress one was the heavy, hand-wrought iron gate, with massive bolts just inside and protecting the outside door. Ascending a short stairway, we entered a large hall, where Lady Macbeth is said to have received information of King Duncan's proposed visit. On the walls are numerous oil paintings representing James I., Charles I., James II., Lady Arabella Stuart, besides many ancestors of the present possessors, who bear the name of Lyon. They inherited the estate from an intermarriage with the Fitz-Patricks. Glamis Castle is at present the seat of the 14th Earl of Strathmore, Lord Lyon, and Baron Glamis, and the title dates back to 1425, when Patrick Lyon was hostage to England for James I. The wife of the 6th Baron Glamis was burned alive in Edinburgh, the family being indicted for designs against the life of James I.

In the great hall are to be seen many fine pieces of old armor and tapestry, besides Macbeth's own coat of mail. There are also wonderful pieces of hand-carved furniture and oaken chests, black with age, and of such antiquity that their origin is unknown.

The stone staircase, which is wide enough for five people to walk abreast, numbers 143 steps from the entrance hall to the top of the house, and from the roof the view is magnificent. To the northward the Grampian Hills rise dimly out of the mist; to the south lies Perth and Dunsinane, with historic Scone Palace in the foreground; to the west is Birnam Wood, and in imagination we pictured Macbeth from this vantage point repeating to himself:

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him."

We were shown the room where Macbeth slew Duncan on August 10, 1040. It is a small apartment with an ante-chamber, in which slept the drugged attendants; and we also saw the chambers of other famous guests, who received more hospitable treatment.

The Castle has also a handsome little chapel, with a fine painting of the "Last Supper" and one of the "Ascension" on the ceiling.

Historians differ as to the career of Macbeth, although none deny such a man lived. Shakespeare took his plot from the Chronicles of Holinshed, who in turn had copied the narrative from Hector Baece. Duncan, in reality, was a young prince, who met his untimely fate in the flower of his youth. He succeeded in 1034 his grandfather, Malcolm, who had been accused of slaying the heir-apparent to the crown, the grandson of Kenneth III. The murdered heir left a sister, Gruoch, who married the Mormaor of Moray, and had an infant son named Lulach. Gruoch's husband was killed in a family quarrel, and she married Macbeth. As guardian of his step-son, Macbeth represented the child's claim to the Scottish throne, held by Duncan; thus the gracious Duncan, in the eyes of the legitimists, was really an usurper. There was a division in the royal line, Duncan representing the House of Athol, Luloch the House of Moray. Duncan quarrelled with the Northmen, and was driven by them into Moray, where his Viking foes defeated him, and following this, Duncan was slain by Macbeth.

MISS AMY FORSSLUND
Now playing in "The Cingalee. Last season was understudy for Adele Ritchie in "Glittering Gloria"

Duncan's children were very young at the time of their father's murder, but Macbeth could not always expect to avoid the feud. Like Bruce, when once crowned, Macbeth was an excellent king, liberal to the poor, and his reign was one of prosperity. There is a record of a journey he made to Rome, where he distributed money broadcast. In 1052, some favorites of Edward the Confessor were driven out of England and sought the court of Macbeth in the interest of Duncan's son, Malcolm Canmore. The conflict lasted several years, but Macbeth was at last defeated and slain on the day of the Seven Sleepers, July 27, 1057, after a reign of fourteen years.

So much for history, the true facts of which are dimmed by the mists of time. But the famous characters which Shakespeare has limned in this, one of the greatest of his tragedies—the vacillating Macbeth, his ambitious wife, Malcolm, Banquo and Macduff—will live as real personages so long as our literature exists. M. R. Crosby.

The Coming Relation of Church and Stage

By the Rev. Walter E. Bentley

Schloss
Rev. Walter Bentley

It was recently announced that a certain group of churchmen, following Bishop Potter's example in opening a saloon as part of a crusade against the liquor evil, would at once invade the theatrical field and attempt to offset the pernicious influences of immoral plays by producing pieces wholesome in sentiment and purpose. The churchmen back of this movement include, in addition to Bishop Potter, such well-known divines as Bishop Huntington, Bishop Mann, Bishop Doane, Bishop Keator, the Rev. R. Heber Newton, the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey, the Rev. Wm. S. Rainsford, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, and others, all officers and members of the Actors' Church Alliance. The plan proposed was the production of certain plays to be selected by the Alliance which, while attractive as entertainment, would contain such a strong moral lesson that all clergymen, wherever this play was presented, would advise their flocks to go and see it. In the following article, the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, general secretary and organizer of the Alliance, tells how the organization came into existence, and sets forth its plans regarding the proposed production of plays.—Editor.

ONE of the strangest facts in our complex civilization is that two of our greatest institutions, the Church and the Theatre, have been so far apart in sympathy and interest so many centuries and with the exception of a few feeble, spasmodic efforts have not even tried to understand each other.

This is the more remarkable when we remember that the modern drama is the Church's offspring and that the aims of both are, if not identical, at least very similar. The stage shows us what we are; the Church shows us what we should be. Both are educational, one appealing to the eye, the other to the mind. How necessary is it, therefore, that the Church should seek to mother its child and in every way possible encourage its highest aims, inspire its purpose and strengthen its better influence over the hearts of men.

The time has come for the Church to save the stage from the blight of mere triviality and pure commercialism (the lust of the box-office), and to aid it to attain its mission as one of the great ethical forces in society, potent to humanize even while seeming but to amuse, and contributing so vitally, for weal or for woe, to the character and destiny of the nation.

Man is naturally histrionic as well as religious, and the devotional and dramatic elements in his make-up are very closely allied. If the province of the Church is to minister to the whole nature of man, she can no longer be content to provide only for his devotional and physical needs—as in services, clubs, gymnasiums and the like—but must also include the æsthetic and artistic, and so take in his whole being. The unhappy divorce which has existed between the Church and the Stage for over four hundred years has been injurious to both. The Stage has lost the guidance and direction of the "organized conscience" of the community, while the Church in forgetting the gospel of sunshine and laughter, has lost 'that touch of nature' which the stage supplies, and to that extent its grip on daily life.

The history of such efforts is interesting. Some twenty-five years ago an English clergyman formed a society to better the condition of the chorus women in England. It was called the Church and Stage Guild, and its founder, Rev. Stewart Headlam, kept it alive until he had accomplished his purpose, when the society was disbanded. Then three young English clerics came together (one of them, like myself, had previously been an actor), and they devised the plan of appointing clergymen as Chaplains to the members of the profession, irrespective of rank or degree. Thus was formed the "Actors' Church Union of Great Britain and Ireland," and the actor-priest (Rev. E. Underhill) became its President, to be succeeded by the Lord Bishop of Rochester, who still holds that office. Learning of its formation and plans, I sought to establish such a work in this country. Interesting others in the project, among them Bishop Potter and F. F. Mackay, then President of the Actors' Society, we held a public meeting in the Berkley Lyceum on June 9th, 1899; and that night the Actors' Church Alliance of America was organized. Bishop Potter became (and still remains) our President, and Mr. Mackay was elected Vice-President (now succeeded by Joseph Jefferson), and I was made the General Secretary. From that time our work has

Byron, N. Y.

MARGARET ANGLIN AND ROBERT DROUET IN "THE ETERNAL FEMININE"

grown until to-day it covers over six hundred cities in the United States and Canada, and through our Chaplains extends to Hawaii, the Philippines, and even to Japan. Of these Chaplains there are twelve hundred representing all the denominations, both Jewish and Christian. We have over three thousand members about equally divided between the clergy, the actors and the public generally, and these members belong to local Chapters in thirty-five of our largest cities extending as far West as Colorado Springs and from Portland, Me., to Memphis, Tenn.

The Alliance is not a missionary society. It seeks simply to establish closer relations between the Church and Theatre for their mutual benefit, and believes that each can help the other and that both will gain from better acquaintance. Through its Chaplains it strives to make the actor "at home" wherever he may be, caring for him in sickness or trouble, cheerfully and freely rendering every service (social and spiritual), and in short, regarding him as a temporary parishioner. Another great aim of the Alliance is the effort to abolish Sunday performances, especially in the West. This is done, not only on religious grounds, but also in justice to the actor, who, through the system, is compelled to work seven days a week for six days' pay.

Our most recent effort is in the direction of encouraging the more wholesome drama. In this sphere the influence of the Church, instead of being mighty, is almost beneath notice. In no region of social effort are the clergy so weak as in that of the dramatic. But general ignorance on the whole subject, aided by a constant denunciation (and therefore advertisement) of the worst on the stage, and little or no commendation of that which is best, has gradually lost the clergy the respect of many on the stage and the confidence of a large section of the public. With a view to educating the clergy to a wider and more generous outlook, a play contest has been instituted by our National Council whereby it is hoped we may discover plays to which we may give our endorsement of approval, and which all our Chaplains may recommend to their flocks. In this way the Church will again become the patron of the drama and the director of the people's amusements as she is of their devotions. Our first production was made at the New York Theatre on December 9 last. The play was "The King's Highway," by William Gill. While entertaining, it did not prove strong enough for our purpose, and we hope from the plays submitted to us to select one that will both embody our ideas and also become a great popular success. Early this spring we expect to make our next production, and upon its success will depend the continuation of our efforts.

MISS ALICE BUTLER
Lately seen in "The Sorcerer" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell

An Ibsen Recital

Ole Bang gave his first Ibsen recital in America at the Manhattan Theatre, this city, on the afternoon of January 12. Scenes from "Peer Gynt" made up his programme, and so dramatic and artistic was his interpretation that he was but fairly started before he won his audience completely, though less than one-tenth of those present understood the Norwegian speech. The event was a decided novelty, and its success should open the way to further experiments in the same direction. Never before in the whole history of Ibsenism in this country has the native voice of the Scandinavian playwright been heard so authoritatively.

Charlotte Cushman

By Marguerite Merington

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, the most famous actress America has produced, and one of the world's greatest exponents of tragedy, was born in Boston, July 23, 1816. She died there February 8, 1876, after a career which, for its meteoric brilliancy, has no equal in our stage annals.

Descended from the pioneer Puritans, beginning with Robert Cushman, who delivered the first sermon in New England, the commanding physique that characterized her, her vigorous intellect, indomitable will and lofty spiritual nature came by hereditary dower-right to this famous daughter of histrionic art. Narrow straits at home—the foster-mother of how many illustrious achievements!—compelled Charlotte Cushman to enter the bread-winning struggle in her fourteenth year. A fine singing voice, on which some training had been bestowed, procured her engagements in choirs and concerts. These led to a chance to appear in opera, and as the Countess in "Figaro" she made a most creditable début. Over-use, or misuse, however, of the vocal chords brought about a strain that in a few months put an end to her lyric career. Nothing daunted, the young girl knocked at the stage-door of Shakespearian drama. Again chance procured her an early hearing, and again her gifts justified her opportunity, and thus, having borrowed the costume she was too poor to buy, Charlotte Cushman, not yet out of her teens, gave her first performance—a highly commended one!—of Lady Macbeth, the part in which, forty years later, she bade her last triumphant farewell to the stage.

Collection T. Allston Brown

Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth

Crude as undoubtedly her impersonation must then have been, from the beginning she brought to her work not only a born gift for acting, but also heart, intelligence, and an exceptionally forceful personality. Macready, whose Macbeth she consorted some eight years later, writes of her: "She has to learn her art, but she showed mind and sympathy." And one who was in her audience on the same occasion testifies, "With Macready she held her own. She had not his experience, but she showed genius!"

Experience, art, came to her, as come they always, and in the only way they come, alike to genius and to the lesser lights, by incessant application. Charlotte Cushman bent her whole life to her work. The theatre itself was her teacher, a severe taskmaster in those exacting days when long runs were unheard of, the starring system practically unknown. To satisfy a public that demanded frequent changes of bill, the histrion of half a century ago simply had to be a student of dramatic literature, versatile, equipped at all points, able to turn with equal readiness to farce or tragedy. Accordingly, Charlotte Cushman's repertory included the widest conceivable range of parts: the long processions of stilted, blank-verse heroines who to us are but names, Elvira, Roxana, Bianca; the low-comedy Mrs. Simpson, the sentimental Mrs Haller; the dashing Lady Gay Spanker, the great Shakespearian rôles, Queen Katherine, Wolsey, Hamlet, Romeo. This stern discipline of mastering a great variety of characters afforded her genius the thorough, all-round training without which not even the possession of genius will produce an artist. To be superlatively excellent in any one part or line of parts, an actor must demonstrate a positive excellence in many and diverse parts. In reckoning Charlotte Cushman among the world's greatest tragediennes, it must not be forgotten how often she played comedy, and how well.

In the matter of compensation, too, compare the salaries, ranging from two to three hundred dollars a week, plus costumes, paid the leading ladies of to-day, with the modest twenty-five dollars on which Miss Cushman had to dress her rôles, besides supporting herself and her family. In this connection it is gratifying to learn that with years the material reward, if not lavish, at any rate adequate, as things went then, was hers in addition to unsubstantial fame.

Her golden opportunity came when she had been on the stage some four years, playing over thirty recorded parts, and doubtless many more. It was on the opening night of a new production, a dramatization of Scott's "Guy Mannering." Only a few hours before the overture, too late for the management to make a change of bill, sudden illness seized the actress cast for Meg Merriles. In this emergency, that reliable member of the theatre's staff, Miss Cushman, was detailed to read the lines.

Read the lines! There were only a few hours before her, but Charlotte Cushman determined to act the part. And act it she did, and not as a substitute for whom a friendly indulgence must be craved, but as a master. From her first entrance to the death her audience realized that this was no understudy filling a gap, but the weird gypsy in the flesh and spirit, holding them spellbound till at the conclusion their unrestrained applause proclaimed the intensity of the feeling that had held them enthralled, and the greatness of the impersonator's triumph.

Think what a feat this presupposes, what concentration, what trained powers of body and mind, in one afternoon to have memorized over forty speeches, to have invented the business, the pantomime, the things done that illustrate the things said; to have prepared the make-up, the outward presentation of the part . . . above all, so as to have grasped the author's conception, so to have assimilated it, as to render it vital, an actual being of the senses and emotions, with whom those looking on must laugh, weep, suffer, believe in, as in a friend!

When those who would be artists speak of inspiration, let them

never forget that while inspiration is the gift of the gods, it never comes but to those whose lamps are trimmed, whose houses are set in order, always in readiness for the celestial visitor.

Charlotte Cushman's frequent adoption of male rôles is said to have sprung from her generous wish to bring forward on the stage her beautiful sister Susan, to whose winning Juliet she played the tender and impassioned lover. Also, perhaps, as with Rosa Bonheur, at times her active nature rebelled against the encumbrance, physical and psychic, of petticoats in the exercise of art. Indeed, placing the portraits of these two famous women side by side, one notes many points of resemblance in the square outline that marked each face, the strong, yet mobile features, the clear, direct gaze, a certain manliness in the general effect, that nevertheless does not gainsay a lovable femininity; the broad, pure brow with its record of a noble life.

Collection T. Allston Brown

Charlotte Cushman playing Romeo to the Juliet of her sister, Susan

Without genius, the gift of the gods, Charlotte Cushman never would have attained her eminence. With genius, she still might have been a failure but for her tireless industry. Listen to her own testimony, given on the occasion when the highest in the land were assembled to crown her closing performance with laurel:

"My text and my watchword, to be in earnest, intensely in earnest, in all my thoughts and in all my actions. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life. I do not believe that any great success in art can be achieved without it. Art is an absolute mistress; she will not be coquetted with or slighted; she requires the most entire self-devotion, and she repays with great triumphs!"

The poverty of material resource from which Miss Cushman wrested her success is exemplified in the description she gives of her interview with the great French tragedienne, Mme. Crosel, who generously lent her the costumes for her first appearance as Lady Macbeth. "I was a tall, thin, lanky girl at the time, about five feet six inches in height, while the French woman was short and fat. The ludicrousness of her clothes being made to fit me struck her at once. She roared with laughter; but she was very good natured, saw my distress, and set to work to help me. By piecing out one dress and taking in another the costume was made up. And thus for the first time I essayed the part of Lady Macbeth, fortunately to the satisfaction of audience, manager, and all the members of the company."

Her independence was characteristic. Everyone is familiar with her reproof to the would-be wag who tried to break up a love-scene in which she was making a profound impression, with a burlesque sneeze. Having led her sister, who was playing Juliet to her Romeo, from the stage, Miss Cushman advanced to the footlights with a manly stride, crying, "Some one put that person out, or I shall be obliged to do it myself!" Decision, courage, always wins with the crowd. The traitor was ignominiously cast forth amid cheers for the plucky Montagu!

Antoine Seen in Paris as Shakespeare's "Lear"

AT the famous Antoine Theatre in Paris the production of "Le Roi Lear," first given on the night of December 5, created little less than a sensation. The able translations of Vigny, Montégut, Hugo and others long ago introduced the beauties of Shakespeare to the French people, and the Hamlets of Bernhardt and Mounet-Sully are only of yesterday. The production of "King Lear," however, with the versatile and popular Antoine as the mad king, was a theatrical novelty that the ubiquitous Parisian playgoer was not slow to appreciate, and this, added to a superb production and splendid acting, has resulted in packed houses. Critics and society unite in regarding the performance as the event of the year. Opinions differ as to M. Antoine's portrayal of the mad king, but his production is regarded as a scenic marvel.

The present translation is by Pierre Loti and Emile Védel. M. Antoine has mounted the tragedy with all its twenty-eight scenes, and there were only two pauses between the three acts. The stage settings were exceedingly elaborate and would do credit to the most careful and costly English productions. The scenes were wonderfully managed and the costumes and grouping admirable. But in its ensemble the performance impressed one as being too hurried. To a French listener not thoroughly familiar with the story, the effect was frequently one of confusion, which was shown by the faint laughter with which one or two climaxes were received. It was a long way from the "Lear" of English tradition. The actress threw too much animation, too much modern "go" into the action. The sword play was rapid, bodies fell at a stroke. Regan and Goneril trembled, hated, shrieked, plotted and killed with the Frenchwoman's hysterical celerity, and the lines were spoken too fast. The scene in which Gloucester's eyes were put out was terrific in its realism, although slightly overacted. But touchingly beautiful was the scene in which Lear awakens to find Cordelia watching over him. The lines, "Vous me pardonnerez; je suis vieux," brought tears to the eyes of many. Gloucester's fall from the supposed cliff seemed also to be ill-understood by the audience, although a more serious and intelligent appreciation was shown in the stalls and boxes than in the galleries.

M. Antoine, of course, took the title rôle and the part of Cordelia was acted with poetic feeling by Mlle. Méry. The critics are unanimous in praising Antoine's impersonation, and while it is a long way from the Lear of English tradition, he gave a masterly performance. He seemed fully in tune with the spirit of the drama, his diction was impressive, his appearance dignified, and his betrayal of the pathetic aged figure most effective. His conception, if it may be criticised at all, departs radically from tradition in this—that the actor shows the old monarch's inner emotion and terrible humiliation of fallen power, rather than the tempestuous wrath and majestic grandeur with which the mad king meets his misfortunes.

F. IRVIN.

R.N.Hyde.

STORIES OF THE STAGE

The Syndicate Manager's Awakening

By JAMES M DOUGLASS

NORMAN DELMAR'S face was a study as he sat in his office surrounded on all sides with pile upon pile of manuscripts which lay scattered about, on the desk, on the floor, on chairs, shelves, in fact, wherever a resting place could be found in that room of chaotic disorder and confusion.

All had been cast aside as worthless, totally unfit for the great object in view; that of a play fitting in its dramatic powers to grace the stage of the Syndicate's opening of the magnificent Coliseum. And now that he had reached the end of his labors, which had been in vain, the attitude of the Syndicate's representative was pitiful in the extreme. The clean-shaven lips were tightly compressed, the eyes dilated and bloodshot, the cheeks white and drawn, the thin, black hair, moist with perspiration, pushed back over the forehead in a straggling, bedraggled, stringy-like fashion, the breathing coming hard and labored. The whole aspect denoting that of a man on the verge of utter and irretrievable ruin, hopeless desolation, complete wretchedness. The day had been hot and sultry. All day long, without a moment's rest, Norman Delmar had sat at his desk laboring, fuming and sweating, and now as the last rays of the fiery orb filtered through the Venetian blinds, casting its lurid light on the scene, the great man rose unsteadily to his feet, grasped the arms of his chair for a moment, and tottering across the room to where the ice water stood, gulped down a large tumblerful of the cooling, but in his nervous and thoroughly weakened condition highly dangerous, draught; then half stumbling back to his desk, sat and gazed vacantly into space.

Visions of that glorious opening night, with the plaudits of an enraptured audience ringing in his ears, the unstinted encomiums of the mighty press dancing before his gladdened gaze on the day following, the veiled but nevertheless spontaneous congratulations of his many rivals at the great success which his superior judgment and foresight had obtained, gave way to bitter disappointment and despair. He had exhausted the list of known native dramatists, it was too late to secure a foreign play, and there was only one of two things left, to postpone the original date set for the opening. It would be madness to put on an old play and to accept the first alternative would mean thousands of dollars' loss to the management and a great and lasting slur on his own aspirations at the very beginning of his new career. What was he to do?

In the midst of his reveries came a timid knock on the door. All his clerks had left, there was no one to usher in a caller, besides, he wasn't in a mood to be disturbed, so he paid no attention to the interruption. The knocking was repeated, this time a little louder and more determined than before, and at last, with an impatient "Come in!" Norman Delmar again relapsed into semi-unconsciousness. He was aware of the door opening noiselessly and the figure of a young man pass silently but swiftly across the intervening space until he stood at the opposite side of his desk.

"Well!" came the monosyllable from the lips of the manager in a nervous, jerky tone and without looking up.

Then came the answer of the caller, spoken in a voice soft and tremulous with anticipated hope.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you the manuscript of a play in the hope——"

"Play? Play?" starting nervously in his seat. "Heavens, man, are you crazy? Do you see all these?" waving his arms in a sweeping motion around the room. "All this stuff you see lying about are plays. All the work of well-known dramatists."

The visitor followed the circling sweep of those shirt-sleeved arms and a soft flush mounted to his dark, handsome face, the faint semblance of a smile hovered around his lips, which were half framed in a reply when Norman Delmar again spoke.

"Let me see what you have got there," reaching out his hand.

The visitor drew from under his arm a folded newspaper, which he opened and produced a manuscript, the cover of which was a coarse brown paper, the pages being fastened together in three places with rough twine. Placing the manuscript in those outstretched hands the visitor watched the face of the great man as he carelessly turned to the title page and cast of characters.

Allowing the pages of the manuscript to slip through his fingers mechanically and without a stop Norman Delmar returned it to his visitor, leaned back in his chair and half closing his eyes said wearily:

"Your first play, I suppose."

"Yes."

The manager shook his head.

"My friend, you have a lot to learn. I can see at a glance that your play is crude, amateurish, and totally lacking in that dramatic touch that is absolutely indispensable to every play. It is useless to me in such a condition, and I regret I can give you no encouragement."

"But surely, Mr. Delmar, you would not condemn my play until you have read it? My play may lack the professional requirements that a trained dramatist would be able to give it, but if the plot, scenes and characters are striking in their originality, what does a little defect of stage business matter?"

"My dear sir, it matters everything. A manager is not supposed to correct and revise all the little mistakes and omissions of an author; his time is too valuable for that. Every little detail must be written down in black and white, nothing must be left to the imagination of either manager or player, and the play that does not fulfill these conditions is worthless in the extreme."

"I am sorry, for I think I have a good play—a play that would just suit you. I might add——"

"They all say that," interrupted the manager; it is an old story."

"Very well, Mr. Delmar, I wish you good-day," and carefully placing his manuscript between the folds of his newspaper, Norman Delmar's nocturnal visitor smiled pleasantly as he crossed the room and quietly closed the door behind him.

* * * * * *

It was late that night when the Syndicate's manager reached his home in Washington Heights. The house was in darkness save for a single light which burned in the hall, and as he let himself in with his night key, he turned up the gas and noticed there were several telegrams and letters lying on the hall table.

Naturally his inclination was to open the telegrams first, but a letter in his sister's handwriting attracted his attention, and as she, too, would rise or fall at his success or failure to secure a fitting play for the great event, he eagerly broke the seal, and this is what he read:

DEAR NORMAN:

If you haven't selected a play for the Coliseum's opening, secure the play called "Day Dreams" without fail. It is a great play, and the leading woman's part is just the thing for me. I will make a big hit in it and your managerial career will have an auspicious start. The author is a

(*Continued on page xiii.*)

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Member of the Ferris Stock Company of Minneapolis. Miss Hayward will star next season in her own production of "Graustark"

FASHIONS ON THE STAGE

THE show girl's gown of to-day is the copyist's model of to-morrow; therefore the pretty frocks worn by prettier show girls and described in this issue should have much interest for our women readers. The gowns shown are the very newest of French fancies in feminine frills.

In all big theatrical productions where masses of color are grouped for a general effect, it is noticeable that the most pleasing result is obtained by groups of gowns in one hue, though the modification of trimming in a lighter or darker tone of the same shade is always permissible, not to say desirable.

(1) Gown of soft, pale blue silk with trimming of violet velvet worn by Miss Indiola Arnold in "It Happened in Nordland"

This is even true of scenes where evening gowns are worn, as proven by the group of court costumes in the last act of "It Happened in Nordland" at Lew Fields' Theatre.

Six stunning evening gowns are shown at one time, in one group. Each is a duplicate of the other, and the effect is twice as striking as it would have been had these gowns been designed after separate models. "Florodora" was probably the first of the musical comedies to go in for the evening gown as a sort of mental shock—that is a climactic episode in the play. Since then, the musical piece which did not have its array of model frocks with which to edify women theatre-goers, would be as an oyster stew without salt.

To revert to the Florodora evening gowns, they were, as will be remembered, the very smartest models, and wede approved instanter by the feminine portion of the audience, and who shall say not by the masculine element?

Indeed, men are as fond of seeing pretty frocks as are women. Some of them admit the soft impeachment, others deny it as a matter of principle—they have to pay for them. To admire pretty clothes, and then to object to the bills, would be illogical, so the male human who flatters himself that he is nothing if not consistent, pretends not to be interested in feminine fashion. This is not to be a discussion of metaphysics, however, so let me not digress further. Since the Florodora frocks dazzled a waiting audience, every musical comedy has followed the precedent and held as a *piece de résistance* a number of stunning model dresses, to be exhibited upon as many stunning models at just the precise moment that in a legitimate play would present a big climax. And we wait with pleasurable anticipation for this "situation" in each new musical comedy.

(2) Handsome cloak of pale tan cloth worn by Miss Harriet Forsythe in "It Happened in Nordland"

At the Weber Music Hall, the witching moment occurs when Miss Anna Held and the chic little Miss McKenzie sing, surrounded by stage beauties. It gives one rather the sensation of a three-ring circus to sit in front and try to see all the beautiful frocks at once. And at Fields' the stirring episode is left for the last act, when the smart court ladies, looking each one like a page from a French fashion book, stand at bay before a battalion of levelled opera glasses.

And here we are again at the point of considering groups of one color. These gowns of the court ladies are precisely alike and wonderfully effective. The one reproduced here so beautifully is worn by Miss Harriet Forsythe. It will more than bear description and might be copied very effectively in other colors and materials. (See Fig. 3.) It is cut princesse, with a long, very full train. The entire body of the gown is of light green sequins or scales, which end in the deep flounce of ermine at the hem of the skirt. This ermine flounce is graduated at the back, forming the train. The decolleté bodice is formed half of the scales, the other side being filled in with pink velvet of a lightish shade.

A résumé of the style of several years ago is shown in the sleeves or rather the sleeve (there is only one). The other arm has two bands of green satin appliqué in pearls in the "place where the sleeve ought to be."

Just below the knee, on the left side of the gown, there is a large bow-knot of rhinestones, and clusters of the same jewels are used as embellishment on the bodice and at intervals around the ermine flounce. A festoon of pearls is a further garniture on the bodice. The sleeve, which does not show in the photograph, is a

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double puff, scaled with the green sequins. Long white mousquetaire gloves are worn. Another court costume of equal beauty is worn by Miss Helena Fredericks as Miss Hicks, the First Secretary of the American Embassy in "Nordland." The foundation of this frock is of rose pink taffeta, with an over-dress of white net appliqué in lace. The bodice is trimmed with lace and has a pointed girdle. The sleeves are short, puffed affairs of the taffeta and net with lace appliqué. The most striking feature of this gown is the train cut in full court length and made of heavy satin duchesse embossed with large groups of Prince of Wales feathers in white velvet.

A smart model for a dancing frock is also in pink and is worn by Miss Billie Norton. It is cut in dancing length and made with a full, silk-dotted net skirt of three ruffles, over a foundation of pale pink taffeta. The edge of the foundation skirt has several rows of narrow ruffles, and chiffon of the same shade is used for ruffles under the hem. The bodice is fully bloused with short, puffed sleeves and the garniture of bodice and skirt is rosebud sprays. The same flowers are worn in the hair. In the first act a rather striking gown is worn by Miss Norton. The skirt is of white silk mousseline over a foundation of burnt orange taffeta. The pointed bodice of black velvet is cut with a square décolletage. An over-jacket of heavy white lace covers it in Eton effect, opening in front to give the effect of a vest. The front of the bodice has two rows of rhinestone buttons, which form a "V" and accentuate the pointed effect. The lace sleeves are elbow-length. This is an especially desirable model for an afternoon costume. The skirt is formed of three corded ruffles of the white mousseline.

Colonial yellow has been used in the exquisite frock worn by Miss Forsythe when she appears as one of the "Beauty Samples" in Act I. This gown is of *peau de soie* and taffeta in the smart yellow shade so much affected at present. The skirt, which is *en train*, has lace motifs and a further garniture of great spreading bow-knots of yellow chiffon. The bodice has puffed sleeves in elbow-length and a pointed bodice, with a "V" in rhinestone buttons. A berthe of dainty chiffon in the same shade is tied at the corsage in a soft bow. Berthe and bow have an appliqué of soft cream lace. The hat worn with this costume represents some women's idea of Heaven. It is a "creation" in very truth of Colonial yellow velvet, jewel-wrought, and having besides a great crumpled bow of twisted velvet at one side, two stunning white ostrich plumes, one of which droops over the shoulder.

Miss Indiola Arnold as the "Duchesse Helene" is seen (Fig. 1) in a dream of a frock. It is of soft, pale blue silk. The skirt has a train and is made in three flounces, heavily embroidered in self-color, and each flounce edged with two narrow ruffles of chiffon and taffeta. The bodice, which has a square décolletage, is simply made with slight fullness at the corsage. The girdle is of light violet velvet. The elbow sleeves have narrow pipings of the violet velvet and the same material finishes the sleeves in a soft twist and knot at the elbow. The décolletage is outlined with gathered chiffon in the pale blue and the hat is pale blue chiffon with white ostrich plumes.

Miss Josephine Karlin, as another of the "Beauty Samples" in the same play, wears a soft,

(3) Princess evening gown of green sequins ermine and having rhinestones garniture. Worn by Miss Harriet Forsythe in "It Happened in Nordland"

graceful gown of lavender silk. The trained skirt is made very full, with four tucks in the front which flare from the depth of six inches, a style which only slim girls can copy. A new feature of this gown is its slashed side, with three graduated tucks above the hem. The slashed side is really a cut-out piece which opens over a foundation of lavender chiffon in wide tucks. The bodice has elbow sleeves made very full and puffed. They are trimmed with chiffon, which is arranged in a fall at the elbow. The girdle has stole ends, which fall at either side, front and back. Each of these ends has a wide border of velvet shade. A hat of violet chiffon is worn.

Very good-looking is the cloak (Fig. 2) worn in the prologue by Miss Forsythe. It is of pale tan cloth, cut three-quarter length in the circular or umbrella style. There are immense sleeves hanging full from an epauletted shoulder, which is made of the corded cloth and chiffon. The fullness is gathered at the wrist into wide cuffs, also corded, and the same form of trimming edges the garment, which affords a smart model for evening wear.

(4) Frock of champagne colored cloth worn by Mlle. R. Desprez

Two other illustrations shown afford suggestions for spring gowns. One of these is worn by Mlle. Desprèz, (see Fig. IV.). It is of champagne colored cloth, with the new full sleeves, which are tight below the elbow and have the favorite French "flot" above the wrist. The bodice is exceedingly pretty, made with a French back, but having in front straps of the material which open over a lace blouse. These straps, which begin in the shoulder seams, fasten with a large crocheted button at the voke. A wide-pointed girdle of the cloth starts from the underarm seam, and fastens with a suède-covered buckle which matches the cloth. The straps are extended from the bodice, stitched over the girdle and continued in box pleats down the skirt, which is cut walking length and has a decided flare. A dainty coat is worn by Mlle. Dorgère (Fig. V.). It is of pale, tan-colored velvet appliqué with silver and gold bullion and turquoises, and designed to wear as a jacket over a cream lace blouse and pleated skirt of pastel blue voile.

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form, which may be inflated to fill a dress lining and then kept for future fittings. The inventor must have a sense of humor, for he calls his dress form "the Pneu-Woman." Certainly there are many of the sex who will be glad to have their gowns made by "absent treatment," as it were. The form sells for $12.50, including the stand.

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It is said that during the past three years more than thirty new fire-proof hotels have been constructed in the city of New York, at a cost of from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000 each, and that more than twenty-five more of these costly edifices are still under construction or in contemplation. Perhaps the most famous of all the hotel proprietors of the old school in New York City is the Hon. James H. Breslin, formerly President of the Hotel Keepers' Association, at one time proprietor of the Grand Union, at Saratoga, and whose highest reputation in New York City was made as proprietor of the old Gilsey House on Broadway, and more recently of the Wolcott. In his honor, the latest Broadway hotel, the magnificent million-dollar structure at Twenty-ninth Street, across the way from the old Gilsey and just completed, has been named the Breslin. He is President of the company which has built it. George T. Stockham is the Vice-President and General Manager. The decorations of the new Breslin are in most exquisite taste, and some of the state apartments are a revelation of gilt, crystal and color. Maids in black uniform for women guests, a hunting-room with a grill for men, a dining-room, which is a replica of the *salon* of a French chateau, are among the unique features of this exceedingly attractive and absolutely fire-proof establishment. It makes our old friend Breslin once again a winner.

Credit to Otto Sarony Co.

In the last issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, by an oversight, no credit was given to the Otto Sarony Co., photographers of Broadway, New York, under their photograph of Miss Lotta Faust, reproduced in color on our front cover. The error is herewith acknowledged and apologies tendered.

Books Received

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. *A Miracle Play. Reconstructed from old English cycles by* CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY. *With old wood cuts. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.*

THE HOLY CITY. *A Drama in Blank Verse.* By THOMAS W. BROADHURST. *Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.*

Romance of a London Theatre

Now that the Haymarket Theatre, the third of its name, is being reconstructed, one is reminded of much that is interesting in the history of its predecessors. It was at the Haymarket, we read, that in 1749 people were invited to come and see a wonderful "conjurer who would jump into a quart pot." The "Little Theatre," as it was then called, was packed to the doors; excited and disappointed thousands were clamoring and pushing outside for admission; all London was, in fact, in a fever of excitement over such an unheard-of feat. And when, after waiting for an hour or so, no conjurer made his appearance, and the crowds realized that they were the victims of a hoax, a terrible riot resulted, and the theatre was completely wrecked.

The original Haymarket was a very modest edifice, built and equipped in 1720 by John Potter at a total cost, including decorations, scenery, and dresses, of £1,500, and it was leased to a company of French actors, the "French Comedians of His Grace the Duke of Montague," the perpetrator, by the way, of the hoax we have described. Later it came into the hands of Fielding, the famous novelist, whose plays were produced there by a company described as "The Great Mogul's Company, recently dropped from the clouds."

But its palmy days came with the reign of Foote, the great comedian and mimic, whose "screaming entertainments," known as "Foote Giving Tea," etc., filled the house with fashionable and delighted crowds. Many capital stories are told of Foote in connection with his Haymarket tendency. One day the Duke of Cumberland found his way into the green-room of the theatre. "Well, here I am, Foote," he greeted the comedian, "ready to swallow all your good things." "Your Royal Highness must have the digestion of an ostrich," answered Foote, "for I never knew you to throw anything up again."

Foote's reign at the Haymarket lasted nearly thirty years, and, although he had the misfortune to lose one of his legs through a riding accident, "with the aid of a cork leg he performed his former characters with no less agility and spirit than before, and continued by his laughable performances to draw together crowded houses." He practically rebuilt the theatre and raised it to such a height of prosperity that when he retired in 1776 he was able to dispose of his interest in it to George Colman for an annuity of £1,600.

It was during Foote's reign that "Romeo" Coates made his one and only appearance on the boards of a London Theatre. Coates was an eccentric West Indian gentleman of wealth, who thought he had been born to be a great actor, and he engaged the Haymarket to make his appearance as Romeo. The theatre was crowded to suffocation with people anxious to "see the fun," and they had a splendid return for their money. The first glimpse of Romeo as he strode on the stage sent them into convulsions of laughter. He was dressed in a cloak of sky-blue silk ablaze with spangles, red pantaloons, and a white muslin vest; while on his head he wore a Charles II. wig crowned by an opera hat. This was funny enough, but better was to follow; for his voice, gestures, and ridiculous conception generally of the character kept the audience in such peals of laughter that "many actually groveled on the floor, and others had to be carried out quite limp and exhausted." This was the beginning and end of "Romeo" Coates—as he was ever afterwards known—as an actor; and it was not long before he wiped the dust of unappreciative London off his feet forever.

On February 3rd, 1794, the theatre was the scene of an alarming occurrence. When the pit door was opened so great was the crush that scores of persons were trampled under foot, and no fewer than twenty, including two of the heralds, were killed.

In was in 1820 that the theatre which Foote and Coates had made famous was pulled down, and its successor, so well known to many of us, replaced it. It was in this new theatre that "Paul Pry" was first produced, with Liston, William Farren, Mrs. Glover, and Mme. Vestris in the cast; and in later years such famous actors as Macready, Charles Kean, Sheridan Knowles, Buckstone, Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Stirling, and many another have ministered to the delight of hundreds of thousands.—*Tit-Bits.*

Mr. Pepper—"I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act."

Mrs. Pepper—"No; but there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."

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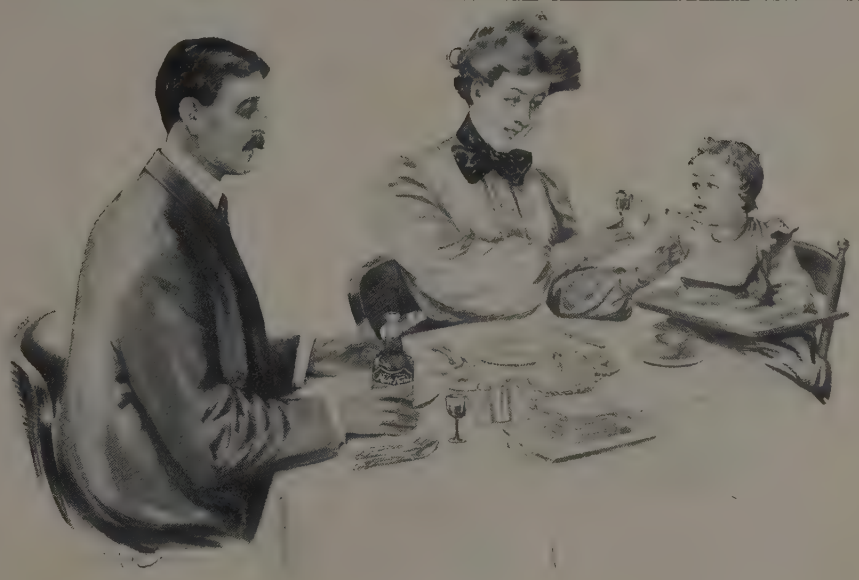

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Justin Huntly M'Carthy on Irish Character

Justin Huntly M'Carthy, dramatist, novelist, and historian, has written a number of books on Ireland, including "Outline of Irish History," "Ireland Since the Union," etc. As a student of Irish character, his views here given are of interest.

"The average conception of the typical Irishman," he said, "is as inaccurate as average conceptions usually are. The grotesque and impossible stage Irishman is responsible for much of this. I am delighted to learn that in the United States many large and influential bodies of Irishmen are refusing to attend any playhouse in which the conventional stage Irishman is permitted to appear.

"It has long been my wish to write a play about Ireland, and I am at present engaged on one in which the leading figure is an Irishman, although the scene is not laid in Ireland.

"Irish plays would be popular in England if they were good plays. When Dion Boucicault was writing and acting in his admirable Irish dramas, he was one of the greatest successes of his day."

"It is said, Mr. M'Carthy," I interposed, "that Englishmen simply will not travel in Ireland and study Irish character there at first-hand."

"I have not myself been in Ireland for some years," he replied, "but, so far as my experience goes, I have found that Englishmen do travel very considerably in Ireland, especially those who are fond of fishing. Undoubtedly, the more English people travel in Ireland the more knowledge they will gain of the real Irish character."

FRANK CONNOR
Lately seen with Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles"

We then discussed certain Irishmen and women who have achieved fame in the arts and professions generally.

"There are several admirable Irish novelists of the present day," said Mr. M'Carthy; "for the most part, curiously enough, women—Miss Crotty, Miss Jane Barlow, and the brilliant authoress of 'The Real Charlotte' and 'The Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate.'

"Among Irish actresses there is Miss Ada Rehan. Though she has made her fame in America, she is of Irish birth and parentage. She is, I believe, one of the greatest actresses of our time.

"And as for Irishmen in art—there was Foley, the sculptor. Surely he was a great artist."—*Tit-Bits.*

Only Natural

"Speaking of animals, in my opinion the elephant is the cleverest of them all," said the old circus man. "I remember once, many years ago, when Jacko, who was then under my charge, showed me one day that he could read."

"Oh, come now," said the listener.

"I'll prove it to you in about two minutes," said the trainer. "Well, as I was saying, the old fellow got into a scrape with the Bengal tiger, and before we could get them separated he had his trunk badly damaged. After the scrimmage was over Jacko broke loose and started down the street fast. 'He's going wild!' somebody shouted. 'Don't you believe it,' says I. Now, where do you suppose that elephant went to?"

"Went to the surgeon's, I suppose. Can't you get up a better yarn?"

"No, he didn't go to the surgeon's. He went straight to a little shop where a sign said: 'Trunks repaired while you wait.' Of course he had made a mistake; but what do you expect of a poor dumb brute?"—*Tit Bits.*

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The third performance of the season to be given by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in the Criterion Theatre, Thursday afternoon, January 26, will include the first English representation in this country of Sudermann's four-act play, "Honor." A one-act comedy, by the well-known Russian writer, Anton Chekhov, "The Challenge," given for the first time in English, will precede the longer play.

THE CURRENT PLAYS

(*Continued from page 34.*)

interjected some lyrics and songs into the original lines, but practically the only passages which seemed to amuse the audience were those contributed by the immortal Richard Brinsley, which is proof enough, if any were needed, of the extraordinary vitality of this brilliant eighteenth century comedy. Mr. Bangs' lyrics, such as they are, are clever. This professional humorist could never be dull, and Mr. Penfield has shown skill in stringing the scenes together, while Mr. Sloane's score is musicianly and tuneful. Lillian Russell looked radiantly beautiful in the title rôle, and while in her acting she hardly brings out all the celebrated rôle contains, certainly no such beautiful Lady Teazle ever faced the footlights before. No wonder Sir Peter lost his head! The respective rôles of Joseph and Charles were surprisingly well acted by Stanley Hawkins and Van Rensselaer Wheeler, and the management has furnished splendid costumes and scenery.

The success of the People's Theatre, now exclusively devoted to plays in Yiddish, is strikingly significant of the hold that the drama has upon those whose lives are led in narrow confines. Separated, in large measure, by the larger life surrounding them, still in the transition period leading to full citizenship and companionship in political ideas, the Hebrews of the New York Ghetto are as if dwelling in a strange land. The imagination needs to be stimulated by the stage. For them the plays have an educational value while serving for entertainment. At all events, the People's Theatre is usually thronged. The selection of plays is extremely liberal, including those of the most diverting kind, comedy and farce, as well as those of the deepest religious significance. Shakespeare's plays are frequently on the bill. Original authorship is not inactive, and some of the problem plays dealing with modern conditions of life have been notable. A recent production of Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" reveals the fact that the artistic resources of the theatre were equal for the purposes of the play to every demand. Indeed, in the stage management of details, and in the reproduction externally of the characters familiar on the East Side, no English-speaking theatre could have done so well. Besides, the actors manifested a reality of sentiment and made the little points constituting shades of difference in expression only possible perhaps to this theatre. Simulation it was in the very nature of acting, but its closeness to life was uncommon. The fish peddler, the butcher, the cantor, and other minor characters, were incomparably true. Much of this could not be singled out for individual praise with reference to artistic training, but individual merit was conspicuous in some of the leading members of the company. Mrs. Thomashelsky as Hannah; B. Thomashefsky, as David Brandon; Bernstein, as Pinchas, a poet; Gold, as Moses Ansell, a pauper alien; Mrs. Gudinsky, as Malka, and Miss Celia Feinman, as Esther, were effective in the highest degree, exercising their art with every evidence of constant training in it and devotion to it. The stage management of the scenery was at times defective, but in essential details, "The Children of the Ghetto" has never been produced with greater fidelity to the actualities it depicts.

LYRIC. "Fantana." Musical comedy, lyrics by Sam S. Shubert and R. B. Smith; music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced January 14, with this cast:

Commodore Everett, Hubert Wilke; Hawkins, Jefferson de Angelis; Lieut. Warren, Frank Rushworth; Fred Everett, Douglas Fairbanks; Henri Pasdoit, George Beban; Hon. Hirataka, Philip Leigh; Marquis Kioto, Robt. Broderick; Fanny Everett, Adele Ritchie; Jessie, Katie Barry; Elsie Sturtevant, Julia Sanderson; Mlle. Anita, Eleanor Browning.

This piece, like many others of its species, had its origin in the West, where the cyclones come from. It is the usual hodge-podge of breezy nonsense which passes nowadays for comic opera, and in which lavish expenditure in stage settings, gorgeous costumes, clever comedians and attractive chorus girls cover up a conventional book and score. Somewhat reminiscent of "A Chinese Honeymoon," the action is laid partly in California and partly in Japan, where goes a wealthy American commodore to save his lovely daughter, Fanny, nicknamed Fantana, from the wiles of an ardent English lover. The bold Lothario naturally gives pursuit, and after a series of more or less droll complications, in which a Japanese

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minister and his yacht are mixed up, everything winds up happily for all concerned. The piece goes with snap, and some of the songs were encored. Jefferson de Angelis, who is featured in this production, had the burden of the fun-making, and he acquitted himself well, so well that he kept the audience in constant good humor, especially with his imitations of a music leader and strong man. Mr. de Angelis was run a close race in the spectator's favor by Katie Barry, who was excruciatingly funny as Jessie, a comic maid. Others in the cast who helped the piece were Adele Ritchie, who was dainty and graceful in the name part; Hubert Wilkie as the commodore, Frank Rushworth and Robert Broderick.

CRITERION. "A Wife Without a Smile." Farce by A. W. Pinero. Produced December 19, with this cast:

Seymour Rippingill, Ernest Lawford; Haynes Webbmarsh, Frank Worthing; Vivian Trood, Frank Atherley; John Pullinger, J. H. Barnes; Foley, Louis R. Grisel; Mrs. Rippingill, Margaret Illington; Mrs. Webbmarsh, Esther Tittell; Mrs. Lovette, Elsie De Wolfe; Bates, Florence Wilkinson.

Except for the purpose of record, there is no reason for mentioning this play, which, deprived of its chief feature, the suggestive dancing doll, was a complete failure in New York, and withdrawn at the end of two weeks.

NEW YORK. "Home Folks." Play by C. T. Dazey. Produced December 20, with this cast:

John Selby, William Ingersoll; Joe Hawkins, Thomas A. Wise; Squire Andrews, Samuel Reed; Old Mat Niles, Arthur Sanders; Si Heckle, Chas. Stedman; Paul Niles, W. S. Hart; Ruth Clayton, Crystal Herne; Mrs. Martha Selby, Ida Waterman; Sis Durkee, Julie Herne; Polly Hopkins, Frances Stevens; Sadie Heckle, Roso Marston; Pearl Snyder, Alice Braham.

This is a play of American rural life.. The story is conventional and without great interest. The effort of the producers seems to have been rather in the direction of presenting a succession of scenes of rustic felicity, such as a country dance, country sports, a lynching party in pursuit, etc. Some of the character bits are excellent, but otherwise the play is not good of its class.

The American Theatre has been playing to packed houses recently. James M. Brophy in "The Shadows on the Hearth" proved a very popular attraction, and more recently "Me, Him and I," a musical comedy by Willard Holcomb and Max Hoffman, has been "turning 'em away." Rarely have the walls of the American Theatre resounded with such peals of spontaneous laughter as at the misadventure of the three comic tramps in the Klondike. They stow away on a private yacht, finally arrive in Dawson City, and end by discovering a treasure trove. The piece is full of ballets, songs and rough and tumble fun which pleases the audience hugely. In the pony ballet, the girls have flowing manes and tails like live ponies. The leading parts were in the hands of George Bickel, Harry Watson, Jr., Ed. Lee Wrothe and Gertrude Hoffman.

The West End Theatre, in 125th St., continues to enjoy the generous patronage of Harlemites and others. The handsome little playhouse is usually crowded at every performance. Joe Welch recently was seen on its boards in "Cohen's Luck," and later appeared "The Burgomaster," under the management of W. P. Cullen, with Oscar L. Figman in the title part. In the company were Charles Sharp, Oscar B. Ragland, Fred Bailey, R. J. Moyne, George McKissock, Olga von Hartzfeldt, Louise Brackett, Harriet Sheldon, Dorothy Rae, and the Sisters Lockhart.

Charles B. Dillingham has made a revival of the ever lovely "Fatinitza," with Fritzi Scheff in the title rôle. What a relief it was once more to come in contact with the fresh, frank, refined musical joys of von Suppe's work. As the dashing Lieutenant Vladimir, clad in various effective masculine costumes, Fritzi Scheff pleased the eye. Of her persistent singing out of tune it is not necessary to dwell upon here. The staging is admirable, costumes and singers pretty, and the choruses have been well rehearsed. It is not the management's fault if good voices are difficult to find. The work of Louis Harrison as "Izzet Pasha" was conspicuous for its vaudeville tendencies. Albert Hart, as the amorous old General Kantchukoff did well and played with commendable reserve.

The Syndicate Manager's Awakening

(*Continued from page 52.*)

young friend of my mother's, and being of a rather independent nature would not permit my name to be used in his efforts to dispose of his play. I only read the play late this afternoon, and told him to see you at once. I am now on my way to Colorado with mother on a flying visit. Will be back in time for rehearsals of "Day Dreams." With love, IRENE.

"'Day Dreams!' 'Day Dreams!' Great Heavens! That is the play that handsome young fellow brought to my office to-night, and whom I treated in such a shabby manner! What is to be done? I don't even know the fellow's name. I cannot learn it from Irene, as I haven't the remotest idea where she can be reached. Why in Heaven's name did she not tell me? I will send despatches throughout the whole State of Colorado, she is too well known to escape them. I will advertise in all the papers for the author of 'Day Dreams' and await the result. But great Scott! In the meantime he may take his play to some one else! Some one else will take the trouble to read it, and if so I am lost! For there can be no mistake that I have carelessly overlooked a gem."

Never was there such a flood of telegrams despatched from the Rialto in decades. Never was there an advertisement that attracted so much attention as the one that appeared in all the dailies asking in big type for the address of the author of "Day Dreams." What did it mean? Who was the author? Why this hue and cry after him, and who was the interested party in his whereabouts? There was no answer to these inquiries that were on everybody's tongue, but gossip was busy with the name of Norman Delmar, the Syndicate's new manager. That gentleman sat in his office on the verge of collapse. He denied himself to all comers, and those who were compelled to have access to his private office on matters of business went away shaking their heads at the great change in his appearance, so different from the bright, alert, and courteous manner that was so characteristic of him until it became noised about that he was the instigator of those inquiries, and for reasons that soon became apparent when it was whispered that the Coliseum's opening night was to be postponed for lack of a suitable play.

* * * * * *

A week had passed. Still there was no word from Irene or the much-wanted author of "Day Dreams." Norman Delmar was in the last stages of despair. The terrible suspense was killing him. He no longer had the strength to pace the floor. The excitement which had lent an artificial strength to his already overworked system had subsided, and in its place came lethargy, listlessness, and a numbness of his mental faculties that foreboded the beginning of the end.

Towards noon on the sixth day the door of his room burst open and a vision of feminine loveliness tripped gaily in.

Norman Delmar raised his haggard eyes and made a movement to rise to greet his sister, but the effort proved too much, and he sank back again in his chair.

"Norman! Norman! I did not mean to be so cruel! Indeed, I did not!" throwing her arms around her brother's neck. "I could laugh till the tears came to my eyes at the trick I played upon you if it wasn't that its effect is more serious that I thought it would be."

"Trick, Irene; what do you mean?"

"Simply, you foolish boy, that you have still got 'Day Dreams,' although it would be entirely your fault if some one else had got it. Not only that, but the piece has been rehearsed privately every day for the past week; in fact, that is the reason I went away, and everything works beautifully. Allow me to congratulate you; your fortune is made."

"But, how did it happen?"

"Oh, I knew your shortcomings about taking up a new author, and after your refusal to read 'Day Dreams' it was an easy matter to induce the author, who, by the way, is a very dear friend of *mine*, not mother's, to take the trip to Colorado, where together we managed the rehearsals, in which the principal cast is letter perfect."

"But my telegrams?"

"Oh, I got them; a hundred, I should say, at the least," laughingly.

"Well, Irene, I suppose I deserve all that's coming. It has taught me a lesson. I would not go through the same ordeal again for all the wealth of a Monte Cristo. I will make it a point never again to refuse to read the play of a new author."

"That is precisely the object lesson of my little joke, Norman, and the one thing I am sorry for is that your punishment should have to be so severe."

"I have already forgotten it, Irene, in my great joy at securing the play."

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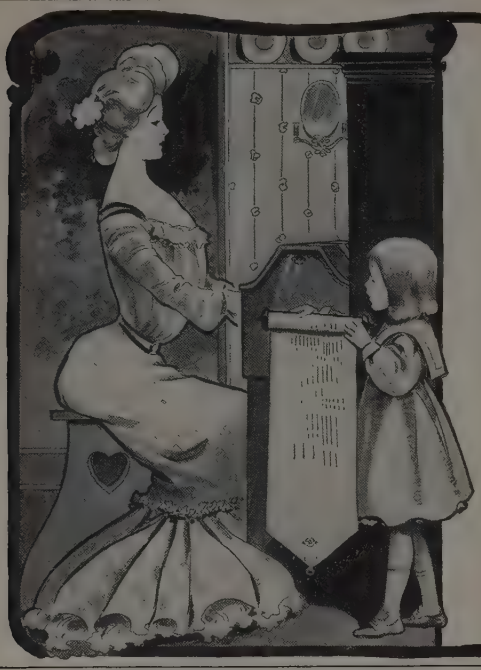

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FEBRUARY

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

is an intimate personal sketch of the man who is shaking the "Kings of Finance" on their thrones. In this article Thomas W. Lawson is shown to the public not as the man of affairs, but as the Boston citizen, the country gentleman and the millionaire of many and constant benefactions.

Removing Six Million Cubic Yards of Snow in Manhattan Borough is the story of a winter's fight with the "snow demon" told by no less an authority than Mr. Alfred P. Thorley, 1st Assistant Snow Inspector.

The Wives and Daughters of Japan, contributed by William S. Birge, M. D., is a study of femininity in the Orient by one who has long been a resident in the country. It is beautifully and richly illustrated by a series of specially taken photographs,

Reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson as a School Boy, is contributed by Edmund Lyons, the well-known actor, who sat on the same bench with him in the Edinburgh Preparatory Academy. The article is illustrated with a number of early portraits of Stevenson.

"The Clown Speaks" is by William C. Schrode, the greatest clown since the days of Fox and the Ravelles. He tells of the vicissitudes and pleasures of the life of a clown.

A Stranger Among His People, by Bert Levy, with illustrations by the author, is a vivid and realistic paper describing the impressions of a young Jewish artist to the East Side Ghetto. He writes and sketches with a passionate love of his people stirring his pulses. The story is a veritable prose poem.

Other articles of interest are Musical America by Victor Herbert; From Church Choir to Parsifal, by Marion Weed; The Actor and the Critic, by Nance O'neil; besides clever fiction, heart poetry and the usual carefully compiled theatrical story of the month.

10 Cents a Copy at all Newsstands or from the Publisher

BROADWAY MAGAZINE, 405 MAIL & EXPRESS BLDG, NEW YORK

(*Continued from page ii.*)

B. M.—Q.—When is Margaret Anglin going to play in New York in her new play?

A.—It is not certain. "The Vital Issue" is the title of the new play commenced January 16.

J. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q. (1)—Kindly tell me the most necessary accomplishments that a young lady must attain in order to secure a position in the chorus of light opera?

A.—Youth, good appearance, and a good voice.

Q. (2)—To whom should she apply for such a position?

A.—Apply to the musical director of different organizations.

A Washington Subscriber, Washington, D. C.—Q. (1)—What is the route of the "Burgomaster" company?

A.—See answer to G. E. P., Providence.

Q. (2)—Have you published pictures of that production, or of any of its members?

A.—No.

A Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Kindly tell me with whom and in what play Maxine Elliott is playing this season?

A.—Maxine Elliott is playing in "Her Own Way," and is at present in the far West.

V. B., Washington, D. C.—Q.—What is the location of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" Co.?

A.—It is now touring the West.

Constant Reader, South Bend, Ind.—Q. (1)—May one submit different manuscripts of the same play to more than one manager?

A.—Send copies to as many managers as you please.

Q. (2)—What should you do to get a play copyrighted?

A.—Send two copies of your play with $1.00 to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Q. (3)—What is the address of Mr. Bennett, who photographed Clara Morris in costume of "The Two Orphans?"

A.—Consult the Brooklyn Directory.

P. D. Q.—Q. (1)—Is San Francisco to be included in the present tour of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern?

A.—Yes, in the spring.

Q. (2)—How may a letter be addressed to Maude Adams?

A.—Care Chas. Frohman, Empire Theatre, New York.

Q. (3)—Are Marlowe and Sothern successful in their Shakespearian tour?

A.—They are.

Q. (4)—Is Blanche Bates booked for San Francisco in "The Darling of the Gods?"

A.—She played the piece in San Francisco the week of January 9th.

Q. (5)—Is there any new play in view for Kyrle Bellew?

A.—Nothing except "Raffles" this season.

E. C. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—Q. (1)—Is it possible for a young man having graduated from the Empire Theatre Dramatic School to obtain a position in Mrs. Fiske's stock company?

A.—Many get into Mrs. Fiske company, but in a subordinate position.

Q. (2)—Are there greater advantages in the New York dramatic schools than in those of Philadelphia?

A.—One indisputable advantage in the New York schools over those in Philadelphia are that you have a better chance to get an engagement here.

A. H.—O.—Is William Bramwell, late of the Murray Hill Stock Co., playing at present?

A.—He is starring at present in the West.

Q. (2)—Has Julia Marlowe a home on Riverside Drive?

A.—Yes.

Q. (3)—Where is Edith Wynne Matthison playing now?

A.—In England, with Irving.

A. T. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Where is Charles Macdonald playing now?

A.—We have not heard of him for five years.

Appreciative Reader.—Q.—Would you please tell me the names of the musical critics on the New York papers?

A.—W. J. Henderson (*Sun*), E. H. Krehbiel (*Tribune*), Mr. Ziegler (*World*), Richard Aldrich (*Times*), Henry T. Finck (*Evening Post*), August Spanuth (*Staats-Zeitung*).

A Reader, Montgomery, Ala.—Q.—Where and how shall I be able to secure a criticism of the dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities?"

A.—"A Tale of Two Cities" was dramatized and called "The Only Way." It was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, this city, Sept. 16, 1899. See the New York *Herald* and *Tribune* of Sept. 17, at the Astor Library.

E. G., Constant Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Are you going to have an article on Miss Julia Marlowe, "the woman," as well as "the actress?"

A.—Such an article was published in our issue for December, 1903.

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Forty-fifth Annual Statement, for the Year Ending December 31, 1904.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$81,623,709.11
Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building	20,906,215.78
United States, State, City and Railroad Bonds and other investments (market value over cost, $19,991,643.00)	228,339,884.00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, $13,404,199.00)	10,805,000.00
Policy Loans	23,544,439.69
Real Estate outside of New York, including 14 office buildings	15,989,431.66
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	22,651,666.82
Balance due from agents	1,514,639.90
Interest and Rents. (Due $73,052.53, Accrued $559,456.25).	632,508.78
Premiums due and in process of collection	5,313,556.00
Deferred Premiums	2,631,969.00
Total Assets	**$413,953,020.74**

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$62,643,836.74
Interest, Rents, etc.	16,432,859.21
Income	**$79,076,695.95**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$18,049,539.35
Endowments and deferred dividend policies	8,425,950.14
Annuities	980,349.94
Surrender Values	2,931,305.36
Dividends to Policyholders	6,001,902.51
Paid Policyholders	**$36,389,047.30**
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	7,900,285.73
All other disbursements	7,179,318.42
Real Estate Sinking Fund	500,000.00
Disbursements	**$51,968,651.45**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.
FRANCIS W. JACKSON, *Auditor.* H. R. COURSEN, *Assistant Auditor.* A. W. MAINE, *Associate Auditor.*

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve)	$327,738,358.00
All other Liabilities	5,420,393.53
Total Liabilities	**$333,158,751.53**
Surplus	**$80,794,269.21**

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	**$1,495,542,892.00**
New Assurance, less Assurance not taken	**$222,920,037.00**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is $326,523,126. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.
J. G. VAN CISE, *Actuary.* ROB'T HENDERSON, *Assistant Actuary.* R. G. HANN, *Associate Actuary.*

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.
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N. B.—FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE DETAILED STATEMENT.

Fire Destroys the Printing Plant of the Theatre Magazine

Appearance of the THEATRE MAGAZINE Printing House the morning after the fire.

On Monday, February 13 (Lincoln's Birthday) while the March issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE was on the press, fire broke out in our composition rooms and the flames spreading rapidly, the entire building was soon gutted—costly presses, type frames, linotype machines, paper, half-tone plates, manuscripts and those sheets of the magazine already printed, being swallowed up in the fiery gulf.

The King is dead; long live the King! What would have been an irreparable disaster to most magazines less perfectly equipped, merely stirred us to renewed energy. Phoenix-like, the THEATRE MAGAZINE rose from its ashes and spread its wings for a still higher flight.

Tons of fine paper, hundreds of expensive half-tone cuts, the manuscripts of many original articles then in the process of being "set-up," all advertising cuts, electros, etc., etc., were totally destroyed by flames or water. On the morning following the outbreak of the conflagration chaos was complete, and publication day not far distant!

Thanks, however, to the perfect system in vogue in our editorial and mechanical departments, the THEATRE MAGAZINE for March appears as usual with only trifling delay. The firemen were still battling with the flames when orders were being telegraphed to the paper mills for another supply of paper, the pages destroyed were being reset at another printer's who had kindly offered us temporary shelter, the damaged half-tone cuts were being duplicated (our engraving plant working all night to accomplish the prodigy), and, thanks to our system of preserving copies of all articles sent to the printer, no delay or loss was occasioned in that direction.

The editorial and business offices, fortunately, are not in the same building. THE PUBLISHERS.

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ARTICLES—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

PHOTOGRAPHS—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The publishers invite artists to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented.

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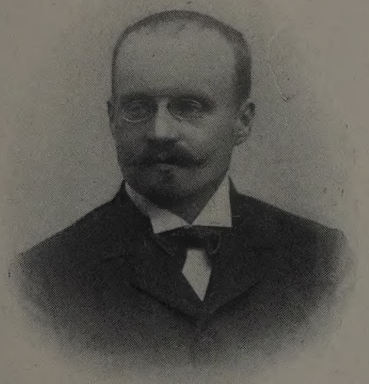
New Plays seen in Germany.

Two plays by distinguished authors have recently attracted much attention in Germany. These are the Gerhardt Hauptmann's new drama "Rose Bernd" and Sven Lange's drama "Die Stillen Stuben."

"Rose Bernd," which made a profound impression, is one of the most appalling tragedies one can ever hope to witness. It tears at one's heart-strings; racks and rends one. It is almost too much to bear; one comes away sick at heart, with a new and added grief. Hauptmann forces us to face one of the world's most awful stories; to realize that here is absolute verity; absolute exposition of truths whose reality we must know of. He pounds at our sympathies; he drags us with him into the centre of the world of evil, weakness, sin and darkness; and through the superhuman power of his art, his infinite genius and profound depths of compassion, makes a crowd sit through five long acts, watch, listen, sob, and ever after remember.

Rose Bernd is a peasant girl. She is spirited, handsome, honest. Her father, a puritanical old farmer living in a village in Silesia has selected for her a man after his own heart, a young bookbinder named Keil, sickly, pale, ascetic "with face like a prayer-book." He is not the man to attract Rose Bernd, especially as she has been living away from the paternal influence, in the house of the Flamms, where she has been caring for Mrs. Flamm, a very good and lovable woman, who for many years has been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Flamm's husband is the prototype of the German landowner, young, strong, intelligent, light hearted. In short, he is much like Rose Bernd, although socially much her superior. In him she meets her fate. The consequences of this guilty love are soon visited upon her, but fear and shame prevent her from disclosing her secret even to her lover. Rose's situation becomes one of torture and suspense. Her father insists upon a wedding with Keil. Frau Flamm,



SVEN LANGE
Rising Danish playwright and author of "Die Stillen Stuben." George Brandes considers him the master playwright of the future. He was recently appointed stage manager of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen

who always proved to be a kind and motherly friend and protector to the girl, awakens in her the burning remorse of her sin. Her very love knows no hope. Then and there something frightful happens. Streckmann, the vile and brutal Don Juan, is laying his snares for Rose and detects her secret. She tries to buy his silence with the little money she has saved. The brute makes the poor girl pay a price too horrible to mention. Like a true peasant, she still sees a way out of this dreadful condition by simply marrying quickly the good man her father has chosen for her. Keil is overjoyed. But Streckmann overhears his protestations of love to Rose and in furious jealousy assaults Keil and knocks him down, at the same time loudly proclaiming the shame of Rose Bernd, whose father has in the meanwhile appeared upon the scene. There is no escape. The police interfere and the entire scandal is aired in the village court. During the trial Streckmann, as well as Flamm, publicly tes-

(*Continued on page v*)

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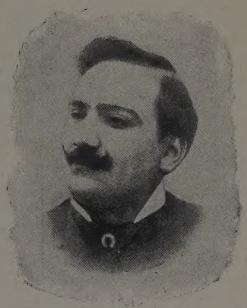

CAV. ENRICO CARUSO.

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TRANSLATION

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